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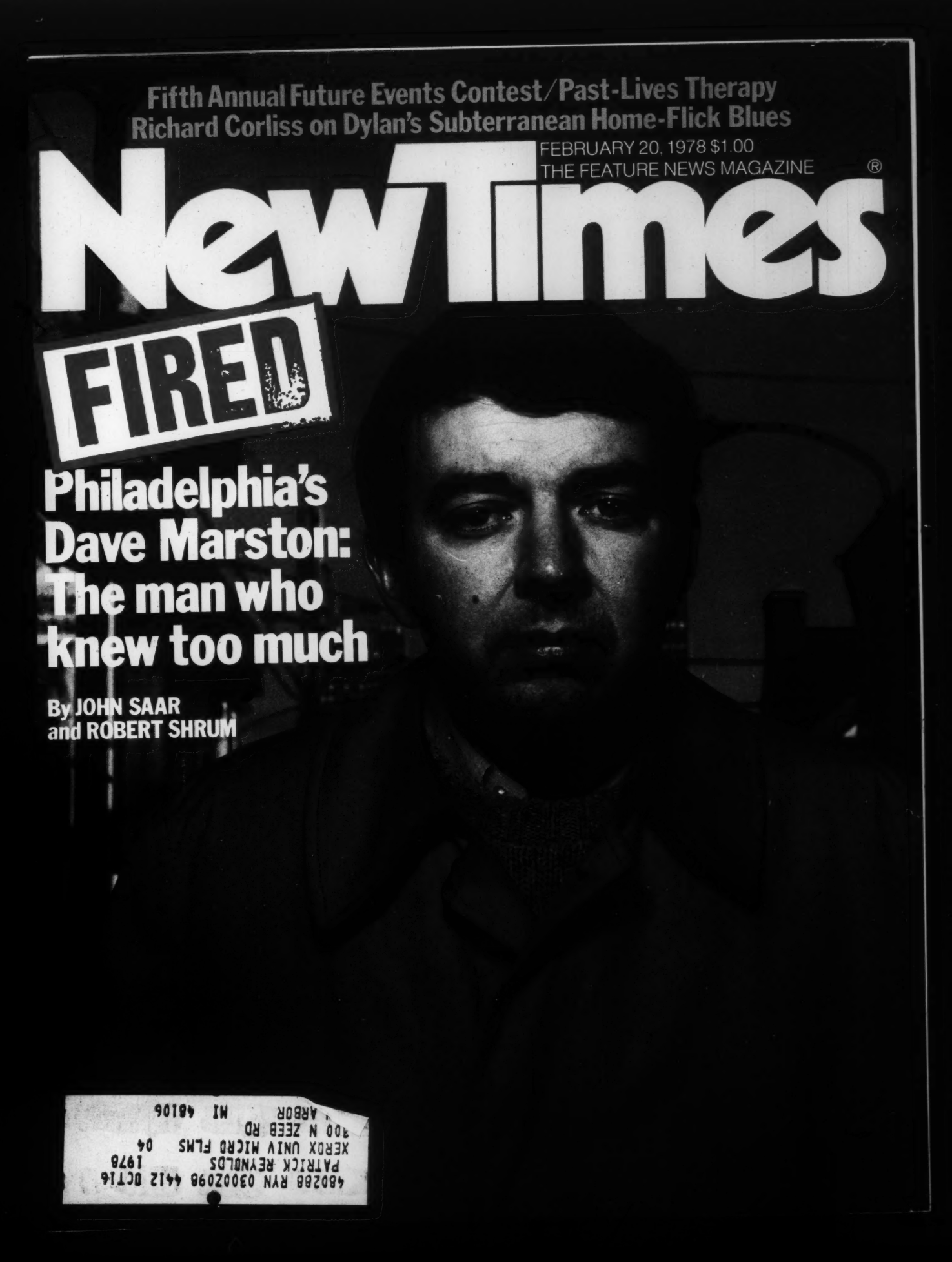

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Philadelphia's Dave Marston: The man who knew too much

By JOHN SAAR
and ROBERT SHRUM

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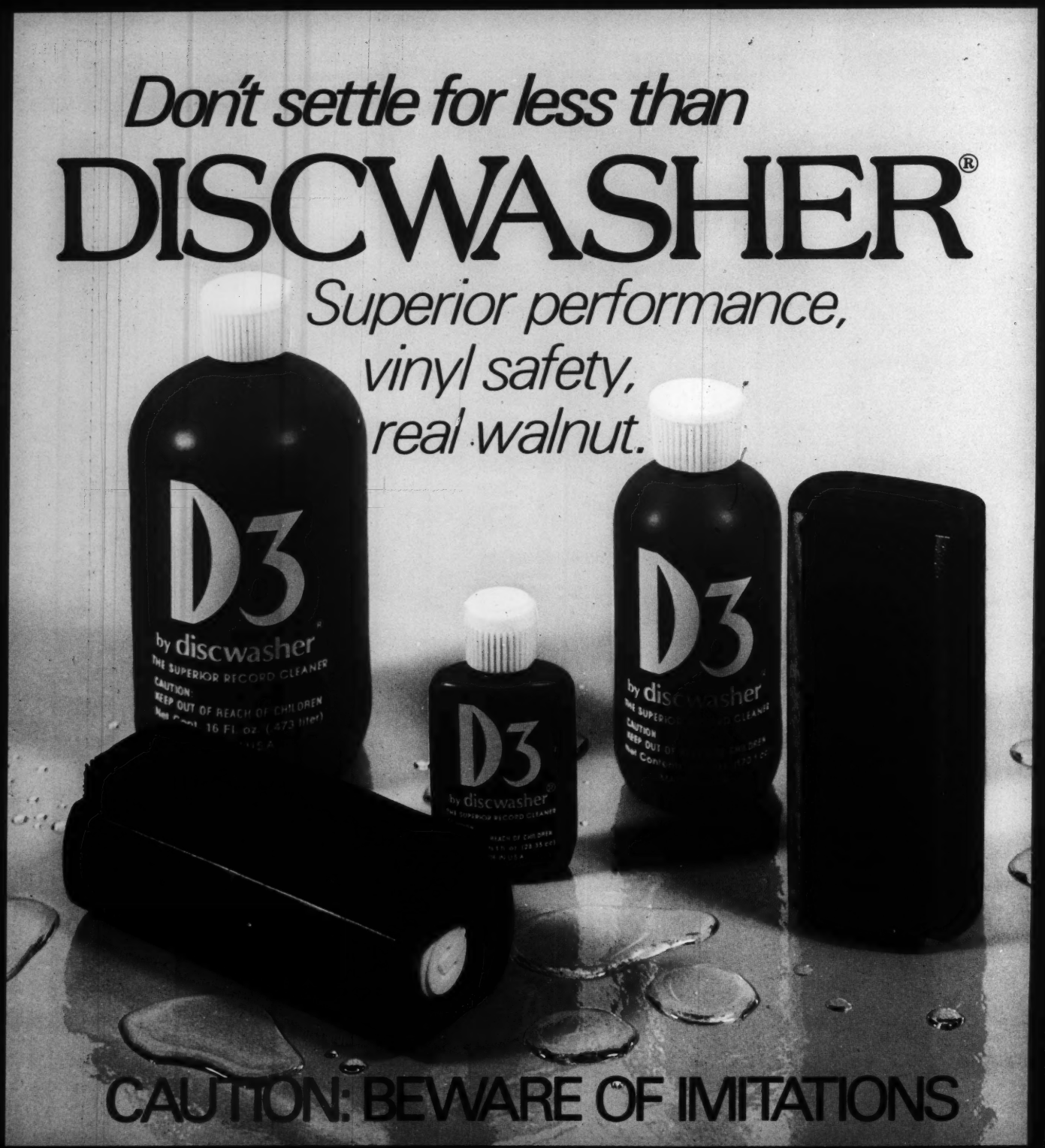

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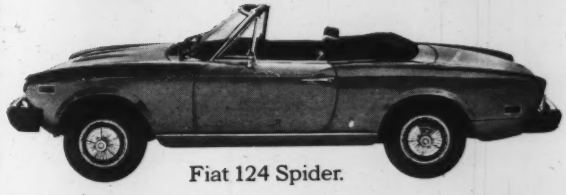

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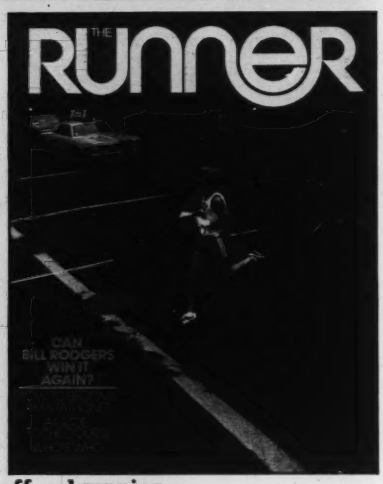
BEHIND THE SCENES



Barthel with stand-in Powers; new mag off and running

On October 9, 1973, the first issue of *New Times* hit the stands, carrying the name Joan Barthel first on its alphabetical list of Contributing Editors and a Barthel story on health insurance inside. But that was not the story on Joan's mind the week of the launching. Just days before, Peter Reilly, an 18-year-old boy who lived not far from Barthel's hometown of Canaan, Connecticut, had been arrested and charged with the murder of his own mother. An item in the local paper caught Barthel's eye, and she immediately warmed to the story. Two months later, she delivered her manuscript to Steve Gelman, then the editor of the magazine. The thrust of it was: Reilly was innocent, and the police had forced his confession. As soon as I read it myself, I called Barthel to tell her how much I liked it, and to invite her to dinner to discuss strategy—we both agreed that the story deserved promotion. A month after Christmas, Joan Barthel's article was on our cover, and the story itself on television—on time we had bought. The piece set in motion a groundswell of sympathy for Reilly, including donations for his bail and his defense. It took the better part of a year for the national press to catch up, and when the *New York Times* finally did, it ignored Barthel's crucial role in "breaking" the Reilly case.

No matter. Peter Reilly was eventually exonerated, Barthel went on to write a book on *her* story (*A Death in Canaan*, now a Dell paperback), and next month, on March 1, at 9 p.m., CBS will air a two-and-a-half-hour movie based on that book, with Stefanie Powers playing Joan and Academy Award Winner Tony Richardson (*Tom Jones*, *Look Back in Anger*) directing. I hope you will all join us on Wednesday, the 1st, to share the pleasures of a particularly rewarding piece of journalism.

Speaking of important dates, December 22, 1977, is another for us. After months of negotiations, *New Times* was acquired by MCA on that day as a wholly-owned subsidiary. Since then I have been asked frequently how the purchase might change *New Times*. The answer is simple: not at all. The question of editorial integrity is one I spent considerable time talking to MCA about. The officers of MCA fully understand that we have built our reputation on bold, gutsy reporting, and I can assure you that this will not change. If anything, MCA's financial backing will give us the wherewithal to produce more investigative, hard-news stories. The purchase will further enable us to go ahead with our plans to start a monthly running magazine called *The Runner*—a magazine that has been on the drawing boards since last summer. We hope to launch the publication by the end of the year.

Another item of interest: this issue introduces a television column by Richard M. Levine, author of last month's excellent story about Roone Arledge and television news. Levine, who is currently on an Alicia Patterson Fellowship to study the TV industry, plans to write every other issue. I hope you agree with us that his first column is an excellent start. ●

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Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

JIMMY GETS JOB, FORGETS JOBS

In his State of the Union address, Jimmy Carter was bullish on the American economy: "Last year was a good one for the United States. We reached our major economic goals for 1977." But one group could hardly be included in this cheerful state of economic affairs. More 16- to 19-year-old blacks than ever before—a staggering 37 percent—were unemployed in 1977. And even that figure tells only half the story. An equal number of black youths are also out of work but, weary of searching for nonexistent jobs, they are not on the official unemployment list. Forty-seven percent of white teenagers have jobs; only 24 percent of black teenagers are employed. More than 700,000 young blacks are jobless who wouldn't be if employment rates were colorblind.

Among the neo-conservatives who have discovered, almost gleefully, that social welfare programs have their limits—and especially among those who would have to pay for expanding those limits—it's fashionable and financially convenient to see these measures not as solutions but rather as part of the problem. Thus the rising minimum wage has been blamed for rising youth unemployment; the keeper of conservative economics, University of Chicago professor Milton Friedman, insists that higher minimum wages price younger, inexperienced workers out of the labor market. Yet this argument fails to explain why the resulting unemployment hits blacks twice as hard as whites, in an age group where workers of both races have at best a high-school education. And while admitting that "it's hard to tell the effects of the minimum wage from empirical data," one Carter Administration official proffers "a careful estimate" that the minimum-wage increases enacted last year will eliminate only 50,000–60,000 "very marginal jobs," such as sweeping up stores. During the House debate over that increase, members determined to lower youth unemployment introduced an amendment to establish a lower pay raise for younger workers. Opponents argued that the differential wouldn't encourage companies to create substantial numbers of new jobs, but rather to allocate existing ones to teenagers instead of older workers: youth unemployment would become adult unemployment. The measure was voted down.

The problem is not the minimum wage but the economic legacy of the Nixon-Ford years. Unemployment doubled from 1968 to 1972 and nearly tripled by 1975—and the young bore the brunt of it. While the rate for all workers climbed from three to almost nine percent, the rate for 16–24 year olds soared from eight to sixteen percent. And, at the base of the economic pyramid, young blacks continued to be the least hired, the most fired.

Jimmy Carter got to the White House with—and because of—the support of 94 percent of the black electorate. Their issue was jobs. In the early days of his candidacy, Carter set an economic goal of a two percent unemployment rate. But in his first meeting with the Democratic congressional leadership last winter, Carter ticked off a list of priorities, saying not a word about unemployment, then started to adjourn the session. "Wait a minute, Mr. President," House Speaker Tip O'Neill interrupted, reminding Carter that full employment was traditionally the definitive goal of the Democratic Party. Pressure from Congress and Labor Secretary Ray Marshall led Carter to call for higher public job spending in his economic stimulus package. By last May, the Administration had $8 billion to raise the number of public service jobs from 310,000 to 725,000. But Carter then revised his campaign pledge: by 1980 the jobless rate would be 4.5 percent.

In his new budget, the President has proposed marginal additions to the Job Corps and federally financed summer employment programs. But he's provided for no increase in the number of public-service jobs—and the existing 725,000 won't half ease the jobless rate of young blacks. As it is, only one quarter of the new public work is going to blacks, and, a Labor Department economist estimates, it would take twice as many of those jobs (which go primarily to adults) just to bring young blacks up to the level of participation in the labor market of 16- to 19-year-old whites—and even then their unemployment rate would be 15 percent. But, the economist cautions, "We can't have a program just for them. It can't be more than half black. So we'd need 1.4 million jobs for the young alone."

To stimulate the economy and generate new jobs the President is seeking a $25 billion tax cut. But the cut will scarcely offset the Social Security tax increase and the effects of inflation; the net result may be an economic wash. In any event, most experts now discount the trickle-down theory; tax cuts and government pump-priming just don't benefit the chronically unemployed. What's more, buried in the fine print of Carter's Budget Message was yet another retreat: 4.9 percent unemployment by 1980 would pass for full employment. So black leaders have been driven back to demanding more public-service jobs. The President and others are skeptical of this alternative. One White House aide warns it may be nothing more than "welfare in a workshirt," and last October Brookings Institute economist Robert Nathan advised a congressional committee that public-service

MICHAEL WEISBROT/BLACK STAR

All dressed up but no place to go: 1.5 million jobless young blacks

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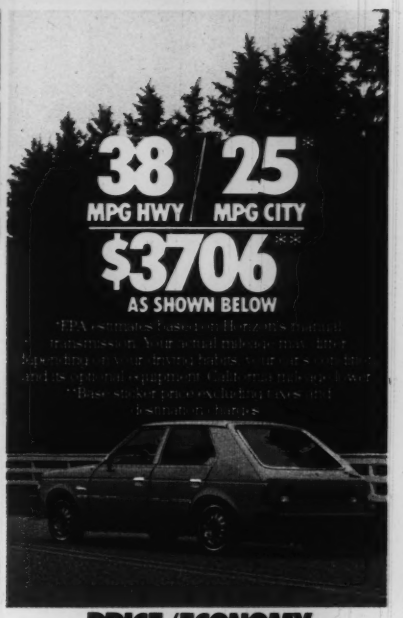

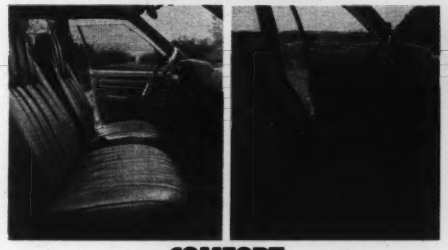

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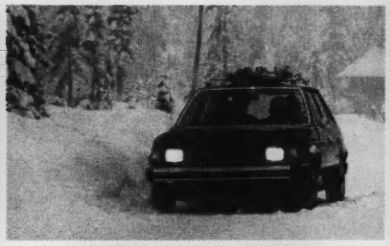

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employment tends to become segregated, dead-end leaf-raking that may stigmatize workers, making it even harder for them to obtain private employment later.

Worst of all, administration officials worry, such make-work jobs don't make the jobless want to work. "Young blacks with access to the hustle," warns one official, "won't take minimum wage jobs. If you're black and nineteen you no longer believe that if you work hard it will lead somewhere." In fact, it usually doesn't. While unemployment is high for all 16–19 year olds, unemployment among whites is relatively low by the time they reach 25. By contrast, nearly one quarter of black males between 20 and 24 still can't find work. When they do, they earn less than whites—only two thirds as much. (In fact, the gap between black and white incomes actually grew by a thousand dollars in the last two decades.) And the Spanish-speaking make some $350-a-year less than blacks, and Indians less than half of what whites earn. In short, not only job opportunities but also the financial rewards of working seem to be racially determined. In effect, if not intention, the American economy is racist.

The only real solution, the Administration believes, is to integrate minorities, especially young blacks, into the private sector. The President has asked Congress for $400 million to launch a "major new initiative for private-sector hiring of the disadvantaged." Although the program is still on the drawing boards, Labor Department sources say it will almost certainly take the form of tax credits—in effect, wage subsidies—as an incentive to industry to train and employ minority youth. (There is already a $2.5 billion employment tax subsidy for companies that enlarge their previous year's work force by two percent, but it hasn't been targeted at specific groups such as black youth.) One reason the President hasn't announced details of the plan yet is union opposition to the notion of job subsidies. Organized labor fears that subsidies, such as a differential minimum wage, would affect only the ages, not the numbers, of the unemployed. Says a savvy Administration official of the pending plan, "We'll never call it subsidies, because the AFL-CIO opposes the idea."

And the same official concedes that this approach, too, promises only limited relief. He points out that while the private economy generated 4 million new jobs in 1977, few of them went to minorities, and fewer still to young blacks. Most new job opportunities are in the suburbs, which often are not even linked to urban ghettoes by public transit. In a private report to the President, Labor Secretary Ray Marshall recently warned that "economic development in the areas where blacks live, along with a full-employment economy, is the only lasting solution." But a Labor Department economist is convinced that "no amount of tax incentives could be enough to bring business into places like the South Bronx"; any economic development in such areas would have to depend substantially on direct federal aid. But, he acknowledges, this isn't about to happen: "The President won't even think about it unless and until it's very clear that the private sector can't deal with the problem."

In fact, Carter has cut the relative size of the public sector. He is the first Democratic President to shrink the federal government's portion of the G.N.P. since Harry Truman reduced defense spending after World War II. The President has abandoned his earlier pledge of a balanced budget for 1981, but he's still determined to keep federal spending tight and lean. In effect, the Administration has told unemployed minority youth and their parents and their cities: ask what you can do for fiscal restraint. Politically, the policy has obvious appeal—most voters appreciate government penny-pinching of their tax dollars—but it could also endanger the President's reelection. A recent NBC poll shows that Carter's approval rating among blacks is now barely above 50 percent—down by nearly half since the 1976 election. If the President had done that badly with the black vote then, he would now be back in Georgia processing peanuts.

Increasingly, Republican politicians sense that the way to send him home in 1980 lies in winning over a respectable minority of black voters. G.O.P. Chairman Bill Brock invited Jesse Jackson, one of Martin Luther King's disciples and successors, to keynote a recent Republican National Committee meeting. Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker appeared dressed in Democratic clothes in a recent speech before the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies in New York: "The staggering 40 percent unemployment rate among young black people is intolerable, if only because it's morally, politically and socially indefensible."

Baker's remarks sounded like an echo of another candidate's lines: "Any system of economics is bankrupt if it sees either value or virtue in unemployment. We simply cannot check inflation by keeping people out of work." Delivered by Jimmy Carter to thunderous applause in his acceptance speech at the 1976 Democratic Convention, those words could rise again to haunt him. ●

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Science/by Ruth Rosenbaum

CANCER RESEARCH: ORDEAL BY PEERS

Right now a ten-foot-high, 53-inch-wide, one-and-a-half ton magnet sits idle in a lab at Brooklyn's Downstate Medical Center. The device is a sure precursor, some scientists will tell you privately, to a safe, revolutionary, nonsurgical technique for the detection and diagnosis of cancer at its earliest stages. While Japan, Britain and several other countries are excitedly researching the potential of nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR) in disease detection, here in the U.S. the National Cancer Institute has discontinued all funds to the person who initiated this research and who designed and constructed the human-size magnet—Dr. Raymond Damadian, physicist, mathematician, physician, self-taught expert in NMR, and biophysics professor at the Downstate Medical Center.

"They object because Damadian's overenthusiastic, but hell, so was Columbus, so was Edison . . . that's the nature of an innovator," explains a government physicist. "American science is no longer interested in innovators." Several recent National Science Board studies support this opinion, and a symposium sponsored last year by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology revealed that the U.S. has been falling from the leading edge in scientific progress in the last decade and may be left behind entirely if drastic changes in approach are not made soon.

This trend is especially noticeable in the field of cancer research, where innovative work could be most easily afforded—between 1970 and 1977 the NCI received a 377 percent increase in federal funds (as compared to an average increase of 27 percent for all other federally financed health institutes)—and where innovative work is most desperately needed—in the past thirty years, existing methods and technology have done practically nothing for the cancer patient.

As Nobel Prize winner Dr. James Watson has suggested, the NCI's chief goal should be "to optimize the occurrence of . . . key unpredictable discoveries." Yet the NCI seems to be screening out some of those most capable of making a breakthrough.

UPI

Powerless: Funding loss turned off Dr. Damadian (left) and mega-magnet

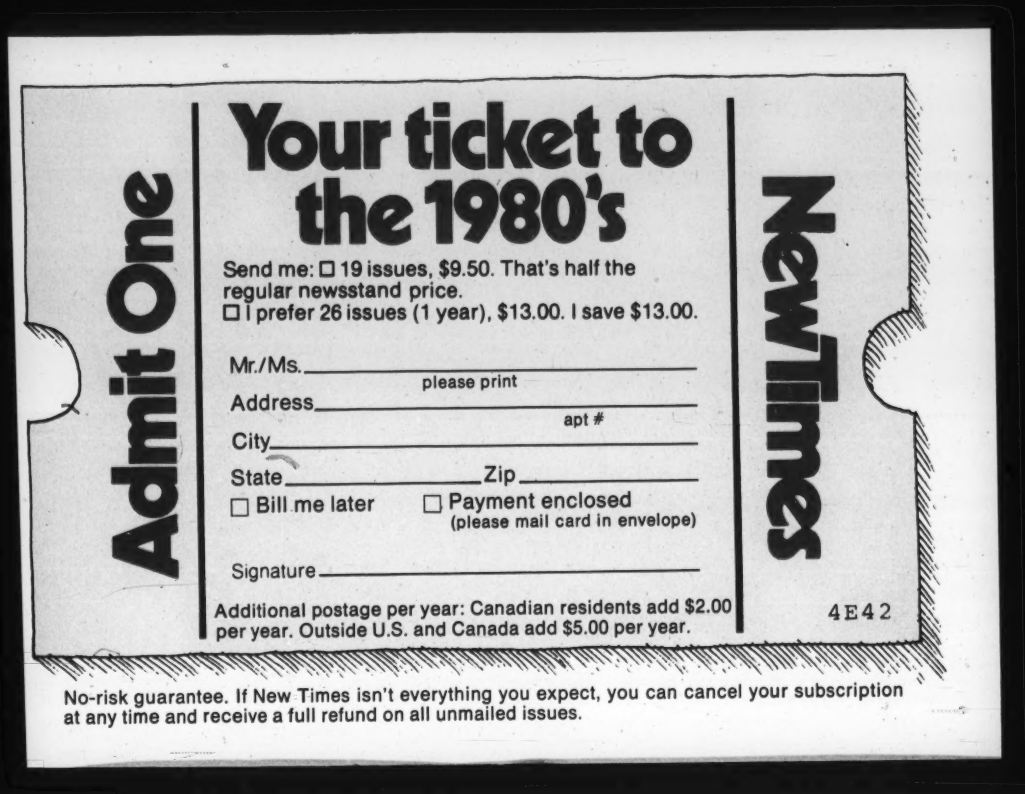
Dr. Damadian began studying NMR in 1970. (NMR involves the broadcasting of radio waves through a magnetic field in such a way that the atomic particles of a substance will re-emit their characteristic signals.) One year later he attracted international attention as the first to propose and prove that NMR could be used to distinguish malignant from normal tissue. Since then, Damadian has experimented with more than 1,000 human tissue samples and, for 17 different anatomical sites, he has been able to distinguish cancerous from normal tissue (with near perfect accuracy for breast, colon and lung tissue).

In 1972, Dr. Damadian achieved his second major breakthrough, developing a way to focus the NMR signal that would permit screening of the whole body for malignant tissues. (There seems to be unanimous agreement among scientists that the radio frequency and magnetic field involved pose no hazard.) The potential of this work is far-reaching—detection and diagnosis of abnormal tissue could be simultaneous, sparing the patient risky X-rays, biopsy, and possible misdiagnosis by a pathologist. Applying Damadian's ideas to other disease processes, some scientists are now using NMR to study chemical characteristics of muscular dystrophy, myocardial infarction and adrenal gland pathology.

In 1974 the National Cancer Institute, perhaps roused by the international activity Damadian had sparked, awarded him contract funds totaling $200,000 over a two-year period. In addition to fulfulling the data-gathering work specified by the contract, Damadian developed the first NMR image of a tumor in a live animal, an advance featured on the cover of *Science*, as well as a combined malignancy index which led to more exact identification of certain tumors through NMR signals.

It was at this extremely promising point—when, as one NMR expert said, just one more year could have determined the practical value of NMR for the screening of human cancer—that NCI's Diagnosis Branch refused to continue funding Damadian. A newcomer to the NMR field, without formal training, already demonstrating possible applications to human disease that NMR chemists with over 20 years' experience hadn't even dreamed of, Damadian was bound to be deprived of an objective review by his peers. For instance, after observing a successful demonstration of Damadian's NMR field-focusing technique, two NMR experts, asked by NCI to make a site-visit report, declared the process "theoretically impossible." And records obtained under the Freedom of Information Act indicate that NMR chemist Dr. Edwin Becker, who headed a four-member expert committee that reviewed Damadian's work for NCI's Diagnosis Branch, was dishonest in his "summary" report. While omitting the positive comments of his three colleagues—one even stated, "It would be a crime for the Diagnosis Branch to stop support at this time"—Becker gave the impression that the committee shared his negative estimation of Damadian's work and scientific ability.

Refusing to renew Damadian's contract in 1976, the Diagnosis Branch informed him that he was not re-funded because of higher priorities, particularly the Breast Cancer Detection Demonstration Project, the ill-conceived, controversial $54.6 million program that NCI still runs jointly with the American Cancer Society (which, incidentally, rejected Damadian's grant applications 13 times). They might also have mentioned other priorities; that same year the committee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NewTimes

The magazine of the '80s

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granted over $500,000 in contract funds to two of its own members.

Recently Damadian designed and constructed the human-size magnet now in his lab and produced the first NMR videoscan of a live human. But lacking the funds to keep even the power source for the magnet running, he must sit back and watch British scientists, substantially funded by their government, carry on with his human-imaging work.

The work of many other brilliant, creative scientists, including several Nobel Prize winners, has been forced to a halt by the absolute power of the peer review system—a hierarchy of mediocrity which determines funding in most scientific agencies. "To be a dissenter [is] to be unfunded . . . " a *New England Journal of Medicine* article recently pointed out. " . . . the peer review system rewards conformity and excludes criticism." Usually selected for his experience in a particular field, a reviewer's vision of possible applications within his field is often telescoped by his over-concern for what is considered respectable, and by his own successes and failures.

What has made matters worse in recent years, contributing to the decline in the U.S. scientific initiative, some scientists say, is that the core of today's science establishment was born of the fifties' Sputnik fever. Many who were drawn by the sudden rush of funds and the romantic allure of a scientific career at a time of great expansion would otherwise have "taken over their father's dry-cleaning business."

In the cancer field specifically, these people came on the scene at the same time that today's major approaches toward cancer were being firmly fixed in the country's financial structure. It was then that radiation technology mushroomed, oil and drug companies launched a massive search for chemotherapy drugs (mostly byproducts of the petroleum industry), and several of their corporate executives took seats on the boards of large cancer research and funding centers such as the Sloan-Kettering Institute, the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society.

Considering the odds against an innovator's receiving a spontaneous welcome from this double-binding system of vested psychological and vested financial interests, some means should be developed for scientists to appeal decisions concerning funding of their work. Otherwise a one-party scientific government will continue to pass off its mudslinging expressions of petty jealousy as objective scientific evaluation, while abuse of power, discovered years later, will be glossed over as "honest scientific controversy." ●

LETTERS

Big Brother?

Et tu, New Times?

I subscribed to your irreverent and lively news magazine because by its very title and nature it could be depended on to be independent-minded, unbossed, autonomous. No "Big Brother" would be dictating your editorial policies.

But now (unless I missed the admission in a recent issue), I find—not from you, but from page 3 of the January *Mother Jones*—that your magazine has been "just purchased by MCA, the entertainment conglomerate." The fact that this major newsbreak comes not from *New Times* but from another very independent journal disturbs me terribly.

Do you become another appendage of MCA? Will there be overt—or subtle—pressures on your editors to slant things in certain directions? Are any heads rolling?

At the very least, I expect a straightforward announcement by *New Times* of this event and its implications for the journal.

Dr. Ben W. Fuson
Louisa, Kentucky

See "Behind the Scenes," page 4.

On the other limb

If people continue to buy those wood-burning stoves, there won't be any forests left for them to save energy with ("Energy That Grows On Trees," January 23). Impossible you say? People equipped with only hand axes managed to turn 'the granaries of Rome' into the North African desert.

Whenever someone says a wood-burning stove is to be installed to save energy, I want to build a nuclear reactor in that person's backyard.

George LaChine
Charlotte, North Carolina

Nice work, Bill Tucker, for your article on wood-burning stoves. In every sense of the word, a truly hearth-warming piece.

John R. Howell
Sarasota, Florida

Personhood

Although I respect *New Times'* zealous search for the truth, I read with some scepticism Larry Frederick's January 23 Insider item about the effects of abortion on a woman's future pregnancies ("Post-Abortion Babies Alive, Kicking"). Referring to a University of Washington study, it was stated that an abortion will not increase the risk of miscarriage or other complications if a woman should later decide to have a baby.

The real issue, however, in the abortion debate, is not the future medical consequences, but the personhood or non-personhood of the fetus.

Tomas J. Nally
St. Louis, Missouri

Arledge's approach

It is puzzling that Richard Levine's conclusions should run against the implications of his fine article ("Roone at the Top," January 23). He seems quite sympathetic to Arledge's "Wide-World-of-News" approach to ABC's nightly reporting. Levine agrees that CBS' Richard Salant's "give-the-people-what-they-ought-to-know" style is "elitist."

Well, perhaps so. But men like Salant and Cronkite and Huntley and Brinkley and Howard K. Smith brought for many years to television news something Levine doesn't mention and Barbara Walters and Roone Arledge do not really pretend to—a genuine intelligence about contributing to an informed public.

Visually appealing, flashy news formats may indeed broaden the audience, but the trade-off comes out of the very intent of TV journalism: to create a thoughtful, probing, critical, informed electorate.

Mark Kipperman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Carol and Mary and David and Fidel

Surely the C.I.A. is burning with envy! The attempts by Carol Hargis and Mary Depew to murder David Hargis ("Thirteen Ways to Leave Your Lover," February 6) easily outpoint the C.I.A. attempts to waste Castro. Perhaps they will be co-opted. . .

Martin Ulan
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Credit is due

In our January 1 article, "Talk About Dubious Achievements," the illustrations appearing on pages 62, 63, 65 and 69 were provided by Gary Brodsky, not Tony De Zuniga, as indicated. Our apologies.

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The Insider

Jack Ruby Stays Dead

A Retraction to Make Your Eyes Roll: We Bite the Bullet and It Explodes

In our February 6 issue we ran an item recounting reports of the contents of Edward Jay Epstein's awaited assassination book, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*. We called it "A Story to Make Your Eyes Roll"—but it seems that our eyes are the ones rolling from the news that we were dead wrong on the item.

Well, it's not our first incorrect item—but we did try awfully hard not to do it. We checked our original information (our cold-warrior friends ask whether it was Moscow disinformation—this seems to be more Manhattan misinformation) with enough people. We talked to Epstein himself; Epstein's Reader's Digest Press editor; a close Epstein friend and fellow assassination researcher; a key source for the book, James Angleton, the former CIA chief of counter intelligence; an editor at a paperback publisher who claimed to have read parts of the manuscript. We went as well to several other peripheral sources. The problem was: Epstein declared an "information embargo" when we spoke to him; his editor confirmed "elements of truth" in what we had; everybody else knew a lot less than we thought they did. And then (J-School students beware!), in the last minute editing, we cut much of our own whimsical hedging, making a fanciful bit of speculation look far too much like News. Our apologies to Mr. Epstein. This item has aged us so that we have crow's feet to match our crow to eat. •

Liz and Dinitz: Goin' home

Dinitz and Bulk of Israeli Diplomatic Corps to be Recalled

Israel's American diplomatic corps is about to undergo major upheaval, with Ambassador to Washington Simcha Dinitz, UN Ambassador Chaim Herzog and New York Consul-General Uri Ben-Ari all reportedly to be recalled soon—perhaps before the summer.

The prime mover behind this purge-ish maneuver is not, as some suspected, Prime Minister Menachim Begin (who to the surprise of many has decided to make no serious changes until the negotiations with Egypt reach a stable plateau) but his Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan. Dayan sent Foreign Ministry Director-General Ephraim Evron, the conservative conduit who is the likely successor to Dinitz, to the United States a couple of weeks back to bring the bad news to the local Israeli diplomats. The word is that Evron told Herzog that not only was he due to be recalled, but that Israel's entire UN operation would be severely curtailed; Dayan considers it oversized, redundant and ineffective. (Israel has more than 20 accredited diplomats with its UN operation.)

As for Ben Ari, Dayan felt he was running a second American embassy out of New York—and the two are known to be old foes from the days when both served as high-ranking officers in the Israeli Army. As for Dinitz, his shiny tenure on the Washington social scene whose high-stepping tendencies never delighted leaders at home, will be coming to a lamented end.

Holding Banner

Brown Sparks Atomic Storm In Own Party Over Anti-Nukism

Like some radio-serial queen, Jerry Brown seems to be caught in a life-or-death bind at the end of each week. Suddenly it's the pro- and anti-nuke battle that gives the illusion of coming to a head over Jerry's dead body.

At issue is the State Energy Commission's recent stand to oppose San Diego Gas and Electric's proposed $3 billion Sun Desert nuclear power plant to be located in the arid wasteland 200 miles east of San Diego. All of the Commission members are Brown appointees and disciples. The plant is deeply desired by business, labor and their political allies in both parties.

Already, the state senate, including a majority of that body's Democrats, has passed legislation designed to override the commission's actions. It's a hot fight. So angry are some top Democrats that angry rumblings are being heard from within Brown's own party for his ouster, and one state senator will barnstorm California denouncing the nuclear brown-out.

If the senate and state assembly join in the atomic attack, Brown will probably veto the efforts. The Brown policy now involves more Ecotopian, autonomous energy acquisitions resembling the current deal in which the California nation has worked out purchases with President Torrijos for Mexican gas and oil reserves. —*Joel Kotkin*

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Politics

JAMES K. W. ATHERTON/WASHINGTON POST

Blakey: They're revolting

No news is no news

House Assassination Committee: Internecine Bitterness Seen

By the time you read this, the House Select Committee on Assassinations should have issued its latest report in the continuing investigation into the murders of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King. If you've missed it, don't worry. It won't tell you anything you don't already know—the Feds still don't know who done it.

The real news is that the committee's chief counsel, G. Robert Blakey, prompted revolt among his staff, partially crippling its effectiveness. He has taken the almost unprecedented step of returning $425,000 to the United States Treasury—money that was to have financed the investigation—despite the rife unhappiness of staff members who charge that the investigation has pulled some punches for want of funds. (Blakey supporters contend that the committee was slow in getting started in 1977 and will spend its entire $5 million allotment by the end of this year.)

Blakey's behavior has made him nearly as controversial as Lee Harvey Oswald among his own staff. Shortly after taking over from former chief counsel Richard Sprague, Blakey required all remaining staff members to sign agreements forbidding them from even acknowledging their employment by the committee without permission, and to disclose immediately any outside inquiry. Violation of the agreement threatens a $5,000 fine and dismissal. Blakey also circulated guidelines: "Do not conduct interviews in your hotel room with a member of the opposite sex . . . do not discuss or get involved in political or controversial topics with anyone."

Blakey has been as cozy with the CIA and FBI as he has been Draconian with his staff. Several staff members have either been fired or talked into resigning because the FBI would not clear them, often for unstated or ambiguous reasons. Other staffers, who are still pending CIA clearance, have not been allowed any access to classified material. And those who are allowed to read CIA documents, staffers charge, must submit any notes they make to the CIA for review. Blakey, who has refused to call former CIA director Richard Helms as a witness, once said of intelligence agencies, "You don't think they'd lie to me, do you? I've been working with those people for twenty years."

Blakey has also been dealing with organized crime for 20 years—from the right side of the fence. A former Special Prosecutor in Robert Kennedy's strike force on organized crime, and until last summer the director of Cornell's Institute on Organized Crime, he has enjoyed a reputation as a crusader against racketeers. But in February 1976, he seemed to switch sides, and some staffers are wondering why. The occasion was the celebrated *Rancho La Costa v. Penthouse Magazine* suit, the largest such libel action ever. In an article on the California resort, *Penthouse* had alleged that La Costa had connections to organized crime; and La Costa's suit was widely regarded as a declaration of war by the alleged racketeers — Moe Dalitz among them—against the press. Blakey, in his 22-page affidavit, fired off several rounds in that war. He wrote: "My own view, based on my reading the article, the motion papers and my acquaintance with the vast popular and serious literature of organized crime, is that the La Costa article published by *Penthouse* is apparently a prime example of the counterproductive sensationalism serious specialists abhor. . . . It is clear to me that their good faith is seriously in question and that their conduct appears reckless in the extreme. Consequently, the action should properly go to trial."

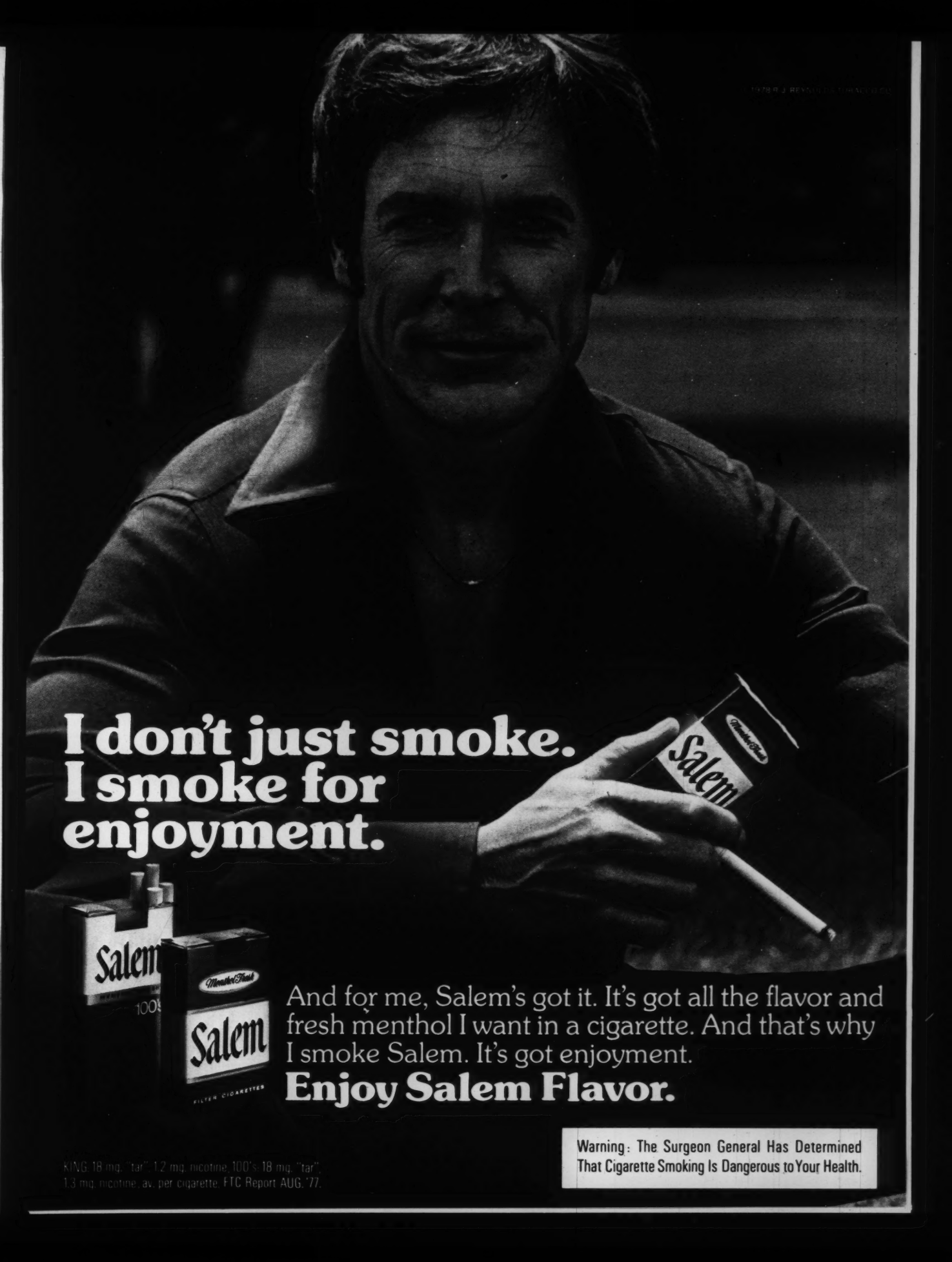
By arguing on the side of alleged racketeers, rather than sitting on the sidelines in such a major suit, Blakey raises questions about his resolution in investigating organized-crime leads in the assassinations—questions not unlike those about his resolution in investigating the role of the CIA and the FBI.

—Jerry Policoff and *Wm. Scott Malone*

THE INSIDERS: CLOAK AND DAGGER VISIT THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

By Bobby London

..CANADIAN AUTHORITIES CLAIM THAT THE RADIATION EMITTED FROM THE CRASH SITE OF RUSSIAN SPY SATELLITE COSMOS 954 POSES NO THREAT TO.. WAIT A MINUTE! ..WHAT'S THIS?!..
..OMIGOD!.. IT'S HIDEOUS!.. IT'S TOO UGLY FOR WORDS! ..IT'S.. IT'S...
O-N-L-Y Y-O-U..!
.. SMOKEY THE MUTANT!!


I don't just smoke.
I smoke for
enjoyment.
Salem
Menthol Fresh
Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES
And for me, Salem's got it. It's got all the flavor and fresh menthol I want in a cigarette. And that's why I smoke Salem. It's got enjoyment.
Enjoy Salem Flavor.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

MEMORY SHOP/WIDE WORLD/BLACK STAR

William Webster and friends: The designated head of the FBI, Judge Webster, was a standing member of the Mysterious Order of the Veiled Prophets in St. Louis, Mo. This Mysterious Order welcomed no mysterious racial strains in its ranks, though its members did enjoy wearing African native garb from time to time.

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

Stewing: Paul Warnke and some prominent DC liberals are molding the idea of a committee to support and lobby for the SALT agreements—acting as a sort of group to oppose the right wing lobbyist Committee on Present Danger. It's been discussed with President Carter, who's said both he and the White House can't associate themselves with any such plan. Asked if he'd meet with such a collection, Carter said, "No." But the group's going ahead anyhow, picking up the help of legendary liberals such as George Ball and Averell Harriman who, they hope, can drag in the Chief.

Egressing: Hamilton Jordan will leave his White House post by the end of the year to take over President Carter's reelection campaign.

WIDE WORLD

Transferred with a raise: Lt. Governor George Brown of Colorado is a controversial political figure. Several Democratic politicians want to challenge his renomination, and though Brown is demanding Governor Richard Lamm's support, Lamm's refusing. This usually wouldn't be a big problem, but there's a bind in Colorado: Brown is black, and his people are threatening mass alienation from Lamm's reelection campaign. Both Lamm and Senator Floyd Haskell (chosen by Republicans as a likely target to be picked off) face tough fights—and so a solution was reportedly arrived at. Brown was to be appointed to a slot at the Office of Emergency Preparedness at Washington.

Undercut! Uppercut!: Was Lt. Governor George Brown of Colorado when the executive slot at the Office of Emergency Preparedness was taken over by the appointment made by a high White House staff member.

Tells Dirty Joke

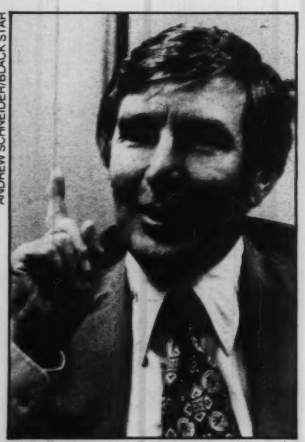
Congressman Makes Speech Without Putting Crowd to Sleep

"Bob Hope in his best monologues never did any better," said David Susskind of Mo Udall at the Washington Press Club's annual banquet last month. "I haven't heard anybody in recent politics that funny for that long a time. He was part Abe Lincoln and part Mark Twain, with the timing of Jack Benny. He just bowled me over."

"Joe Califano has been criticized for his anti-smoking crusade," stand-up Mo said, "but I think it's beginning to take effect, particularly among the young. I was at The Apple [a D.C. disco] with a group of young people last week, and it was obvious to me that they are trying very hard to cut down on cigarette consumption. All evening they passed a single cigarette from one to the other."

But seriously, folks. "I tried Billy Beer and thought it tasted kind of peculiar, so I sent it to a laboratory to have it analyzed. I just got back the lab report. It says, 'Dear Sir, Your horse may be suffering from diabetes.'"

Senator Dale Bumpers had the misfortune of following the tall act: "Mo, if you'd been speeding like that in 1976 you'd have been President."



ANDREW SCHNEIDER/BLACK STAR

Mo: A regular Abe Benny

Black Income Knocked for Loop

Painfully, the economic state of blacks in America is lousier than ever. More blacks are mired in poverty today than at the start of the decade (7,595,000 vs. 7,548,000), according to the Census Bureau's preliminary report on 1976 consumer income. During the 1960s, massive federal aid programs and a war economy helped black families chip away at the white families' income edge. But the seventies brought no progress. Black income became 60 percent of white family income, a point less than what it was in 1970. Some regional differences exist: in the South parity moved from 57 to 59 percent; in the West it dropped sharply from 77 to 63 percent; the Northeast saw a slip from 71 to 62 percent; the Midwest went from 73 to 67 percent. The low national average is due to over half of the blacks still living in the poorer South. According to an analyst at the Census Bureau: "The split's bound to widen."

Ecotopians Rampant

In California, Nothing Succeeds Like Secession

Secessionist fever continues to grip the cocky imagination of California, spurred on by Berkeley author Ernest Callenbach's secessionist tract *Ecotopia*. Politicians from the governor's office on down are throwing around the idea of making theirs the independent, environmentally pure state of the world.

Now the fever is spreading, and two local candidates have announced Ecotopian campaigns for the state legislature.

In Palo Alto (the Ecotopian Hippie Heartland of Northern California) Marc Strassman, a bearded writer from the *Stanford Daily*, has announced for the State Assembly seat in the upcoming Democratic primary. Strassman says his goal is to build an Ecotopian society in which tranquil contemplation will take over from the unmellow-naeity of American competitiveness.

Not to be outdone, another political aspirant, this one a Republican from Hollywood, has also decided to run for his party's Assembly nomination on an Ecotopian platform. Richard Kahlenberg, a bicycle enthusiast, admits he'll have trouble living without his internal combustion car—such nasty relics will be banned in Ecotopia—but promises to put an electric engine in his ancient Studebaker.

Kahlenberg's quest is to prove, once and for all, that a Republican can also be a good Ecotopian, "As a lifelong Republican I could identify immediately with Ecotopia. It's a challenge to Republicans who talk about self-reliance and freedom of choice without interference," he asserts. "Read *Ecotopia*; if you like, vote it."

Republicans are about as numerous in his Hollywood district as penguins, and Kahlenberg, who pledges to spend campaign funds only for distributing *Ecotopia* paperbacks, is no shoo-in. But Ecotopia fever seems destined to become an important force: an infected top-level Brown aide is already talking about moving the capital of the United States of America away from the polluted banks of the Potomac to some place more harmonious with the natural spirits the Brownies favor. "Maybe we can set it up in Denver," the aide portends. "Then again, Reno might be nice." •

Bee-bee-beep, Bee-bee-beep:

OVERSEAS BULLETINS

Duelling: Congress will soon begin writing new governing charters for all U.S. intelligence operations, and especially for the FBI and CIA. Draft versions of these charters, currently in the formative stages, would ban CIA use of journalists and clergy, restrict presidential authority for "national security" wiretaps, mandate public disclosure of intelligence costs, and create a Special Prosecutor for intelligence abuses. Needless to say, CIA chief Turner is eager to see the proposal toned down.

Inscrutable: Remember the Soviet MIG-25 Foxbat flown to Japan last year by a defector? Included in the intelligence treasure trove was the plane's "black box"—the electronic counter-countermeasure system that negates electronic countermeasures against radar and weapons systems. Imagine our chagrin when, after we repeatedly failed to crack the code, the Japanese—whose experts our experts tended to look down on—succeeded with relatively little trouble.

WIDE WORLD

Sleuthing: Intelligence agencies of at least four nations are trying to solve the murder of *London Times* correspondent David Holden in Cairo last December. The current theory is that Holden was killed on orders of radical Palestinian guerrillas. The motive? It seems that Holden, who had strong ties to moderate Palestinian factions in Jordan, was attempting to act as an "honest broker" between them and Egyptian officials, with the ultimate goal of facilitating an Israeli-Egyptian agreement for the West Bank. Some CIA Mideast officials believe the Mossad (the Israeli intelligence organization) had Holden killed, but even the Egyptians doubt that.

Aging like a fine cheese

Dick to Dave: "Well, Did You Do Any Fornicating This Weekend?"

MARTIN A. LEVICK/BLACK STAR

Frosted Dick: Twisted *what* with relish?

Richard Nixon has long dazzled us with his uncanny ability to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. "How do you like your work?" he asked a bleeding policeman lying on the ground. "Are you the baby's mother or grandmother?" he asked a man at Orlando Airport, just before slapping him. "This is a great day for France!" he enthused, after leaving Pompidou's funeral. But to this treasure another gem's been delivered to David Frost, about to begin taping *The Nixon Interviews* last March:

"It was a Monday, and we were walking into the library with the camera crew," Frost cheerfully told us the day before *I Gave Them a Sword*, his book on the gross encounters, was published. "Nixon was trying to establish a camaraderie, all us boys together, and all that stuff. So he said to me, 'Well, did you do any fornicating this weekend?'

"The choice of the word was rather odd," Frost says.

Media

"It's not the kind of word that people who practice the act usually use. It was as if a newscaster said, 'I did some trivializing,' or a Freedom Fighter said, 'I did some terrorizing.' But then I realized that the important thing was that he didn't want to know the answer, so I just said, 'No comment.'

"It was a mind-boggling moment. . . It was so touchingly clumsy." •

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Mary Richards, Meet Harry Krishna: MTM Takes On the Big Issues

Lou Grant—CBS' surging newsroom drama starring Edward Asner—is cutting a profile as the most topical network drama besides *Today*.

The February 6 show, "Sects," involves an editor's son joining a Hare Krishna temple. Parents of cult-stricken children are furious and have organized a campaign against the show, claiming "Sects" condones the robotization of children in Krishna, Moonie and various skewed groups. Henrietta Krampton, whose daughter Kathy joined the Seattle-based Christian cult, the "Love Family," chairs the 600-member Citizen's Freedom Foundation—a parent group involved in the deprogramming of brainwashed cult children. "Viewers'll think these kids shave their heads and go begging because they really want to," projects Krampton, who once hired deprogrammer Ted Patrick.

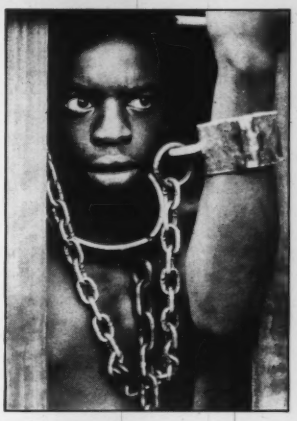
Now Krampton, and other parents across the country, are screaming that Lou Grant has put a theatrical stamp of approval on cultist craziness. "CBS told us it's just entertainment, but it's not," Krampton says.

The controversy has caused concern at MTM studios, which makes the show for CBS. So heavy has the pressure been that publicity for the episode has been taken from the normal flaks and handed over to an MTM business vice-president.

The week after the "Sects" episode, *Lou Grant* will deal with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*'s Laura Foreman scandal. (Ms. Foreman was the political reporter having an affair with influential politico Buddy Cianfrani, the key source, and subject, of many of her stories; she allegedly accepted $20,000 in gifts from her beau.)

The segment, "Scandal," will focus on a female reporter who gets involved with a California state senator. Seth Freedman, the story editor for the show, says he was aware of the Foreman case but didn't get his inspiration from it. The show is reportedly sympathetic to the tainted reporter, though not to her activities. Says Freeman: "Men may brag about using sex to gather news, but if a woman does it, it's considered sleazy." And if it's acted out on television, it's considered national business.

—Tony Green, Joel Kotkin, Paul Grabowicz



***Roots*: Shootings**

Video Village

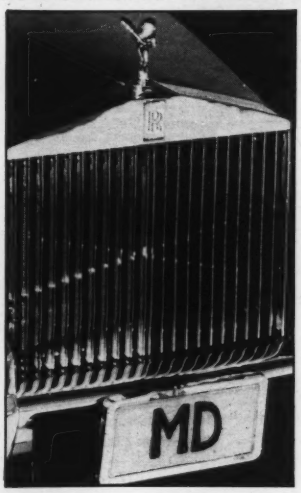
Shooting and Lawsuits Mark Joyous Anniversary of *Roots* Telecast

On the first anniversary of its airing, Andy Young said *Roots* "gave blacks even less reason to feel resentful" toward whites, but he apparently hadn't read the south Georgia newspapers. Around the country fanfares and flourishes commemorated ABC's triumphant mini-series, but in Brunswick, Georgia, it was cited as a cause of racial violence.

Convicted last month of shooting a white teenage girl at a homecoming pep rally in the autumn, a 17-year-old black male said he hated whites because of watching *Roots*, according to a friend's court testimony. The black youth had said he would "get one" if given the chance. He shot the girl with a .38 caliber Derringer as she and several companions were leaving the Glynn Academy high school bonfire. The girl was hospitalized with a serious chest wound, and the rest of the school's homecoming events were cancelled.

The incident wasn't the first *Roots*-related reverberation felt by the community. In early 1976, when portions of the Kunte-Kinte saga were being filmed on nearby Saint Simons Island (the President's vacation paradise), several black Glynn Academy students were recruited as extras. Parents fumed when they learned young girls had stripped to the waist for appearances as African natives. School officials protested that the kids were taken off-campus without permission. Suits filed were later settled out of court, and the television company's recruiter lost her job. With more cases pending, *Roots* has yet to shrivel. *—John Habich*

WIDE WORLD



MDs: Solid gold cardiac

MD Means Many Dollars

Socialized Medicine Still Means a Lot of Friendly Doctors at a Party

In justifying high fees, MDs usually cite their many years of economic sacrifice as interns and as residents. It's an argument that won't hold water much longer.

In a survey of the nation's interns and residents, *Hospital Physician* magazine found that the average doctor-in-training now earns $12,500–$15,000 a year, depending on regional variations. Not bad, when you consider that the average full-time American worker, according to the Census Bureau, earns only $11,700 a year.

But wages aren't young doctors' only source of income. About half of all residents earn an extra $3,000–$4,000 a year "moonlighting" in hospitals. Such freelance work can bring in as much as $40,000 a year, the survey showed. In addition, the households of nearly one-third of doctors-in-training are enriched by earnings of a working spouse, whose median income is $10,000.

Seventies

Interns and residents also reap extensive benefits. About one fourth get free or subsizided housing; half get free meals or a meal allowance; three fourths get free laundry; and nearly all get free malpractice insurance.

The benefits and good pay notwithstanding, most young doctors still feel undercompensated. They claim they work about 80 hours a week. •

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE

The Philadelphia Story

When the President and attorney general axed David Marston, Philly's wheeling-stealing Democratic pols were delighted. Justice had been getting out of hand

by John Saar

As one of the few Ford leftovers invited to a conference of Carter-appointed U.S. attorneys in Washington early last November, Philadelphia's Dave Marston felt his chances of remaining in office were good. He was standing drink in hand at a Watergate Hotel reception when he first realized that, to the contrary, the guillotine was being sharpened.

"How's my health?" he cryptically asked Mike Egan, associate attorney general.

"You're doing a good job," said Egan, "but we may have to make a move on you next spring. When pressure comes from on high, it has to be relieved."

It all began innocently enough with Jimmy Carter trying to shore up his faltering support on Capitol Hill by doing what seemed a routine political favor for some House Democrats. But when, on January 20, the President had David W. Marston fired as U.S. Attorney for Eastern Pennsylvania, the political reverberations resounded far beyond the Keystone State—and far more noisily than anything Carter or his soft-spoken attorney general could have imagined before the fact.

By the time the case reached its denouement, the beleaguered President stood accused of everything from ineptitude to obstruction of justice. At the very least, he was consistent: he never took a wise step and shot himself in the foot every time. Extant Nixonian William Safire delightedly dubbed the whole affair the Marston Massacre, and—deja vu!— an embarrassed Justice Department was again asking a President of the United States what did he know and when did he know it.

John Saar is a freelance writer based in New York.

WIDE WORLD

"It was gross stupidity by Carter or his aides," stormed a veteran observer of Pennsylvania politics, echoing the outrage of most Philadelphians. "It's frightening. He doesn't even know what's going on here—and he's supposed to be dealing with the Russians and the Chinese!"

Poised atop the soaring tower of City Hall and staring blindly into a driving snowstorm last week, the 37-foot-high statue of Pennsylvania founder William Penn is a constant reminder of the shortfall between this city's noble aspirations and its shoddy fall from grace. When knowledgeable people here are asked about the extent of political corruption in their city and state, they use words like "incredible," "rank," "pervasive." A prominent Washington criminal lawyer says: "Pennsylvania at its best is worse than New Jersey at its worst."

In 1903, Lincoln Steffens judged Philadelphia "the most corrupt" of all American cities. Some seventy years later, after a probe of prosecutorial failures there, former Senate Watergate Committee counsel Sam Dash wrote an acerbic report on "the surrender to corruption by the fourth largest city in the country." Condemning the closure of a Special Prosecutor's office by legislative leaders suspected of wrongdoing, Dash blasted not only local judges but the governor, the state attorney general, and the U.S. and district attorneys' offices.

The modern saga of justice squelched began in 1970 when State Attorney General J. Shane Creamer set out to investigate corruption in the Philadelphia Police Department. Creamer's progress was slow, and his investigators eventually discovered why: the motel room they were conducting interviews in at King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, was being bugged by state police, apparently at the order of their commissioner, Rocco P. Urella. Governor Shapp ended this embarrassing situation in 1972 by firing Urella—and forcing Creamer to resign under protest. Two years later, Shapp canceled hearings of the Pennsylvania Crime Commission just as they were about to start.

Next to bite the dust was Walter M. Phillips, Jr., an enterprising young prosecutor fresh from convicting several mob and narcotics figures in New York. Appointed as a federally-funded Special Prosecutor by a new state attorney general in March 1974, Phillips was determined to put prominent nest-feathering politicos behind bars; instead, he was sabotaged and outmaneuvered by the very Democrats he was pursuing. The state attorney general limited his right to grant immunity to witnesses, and the legislature passed a bill which effectively deprived him of electronic surveillance as a tool.

Phillips struggled valiantly but vainly

CHARLES W. JAMES/PHILA. INQUIRER

Ex-Speaker Herb Fineman: Marston was his ghost of Christmas future

WILLIAM F. STEINMETZ/PHILA. INQUIRER

Henry J. (Buddy) Cianfrani: "If he can't get anything on me . . ."

for adequate funds and staffing, and after two years was fired; Sam Dash called the dismissal an "open assault." During his abbreviated term in office he won 59 indictments, but there was not one major political figure or senior police officer among them. Explained Phillips recently, "I found there was no desire on anyone's part from the governor on down to do anything to investigate corruption."

A second, far less experienced, Special Prosecutor, Bernard L. Siegel, lasted only eight months before the legislature passed a bill cutting off *his* funds. Earlier, a Siegel assistant had quit over a "political if not criminal conspiracy to compromise the independence and integrity of this investigation." After just 33 months, the Special Prosecutor experiment was over. Siegel said the implications for Philadelphia were "hideous" and bluntly accused the politicians of shutting him down.

In late 1973, F. Emmett Fitzpatrick had been elected district attorney. Any hope that Philly's new law-enforcement chief was a crimebusting knight of shimmering integrity collapsed immediately; Fitzpatrick allowed criminal defense lawyers to throw a campaign victory party for him and gratefully pocketed a $6,000 cash gift. Hauled before a judicial disciplinary board on this and 12 other charges, he successfully denied improprieties—then handed the city an $80,000 bill for his defense.

Fitzpatrick not only came under suspicion for his own activities, but seemed indifferent to corruption anywhere else in government. When a federal organized crime strike force hauled him before a grand jury, he claimed the Fifth Amendment. His administrative assistant was jailed for perjury. An ardent conventioneer, Fitzpatrick once billed the city for a $164.80 meal in Montreal

Bell wondered if Carter would fire him. "Maybe he should," he said

which turned out to be a safari suit. The Fitzpatrick era, bizarre even by Philadelphia standards, ended last May when he lost his reelection campaign.

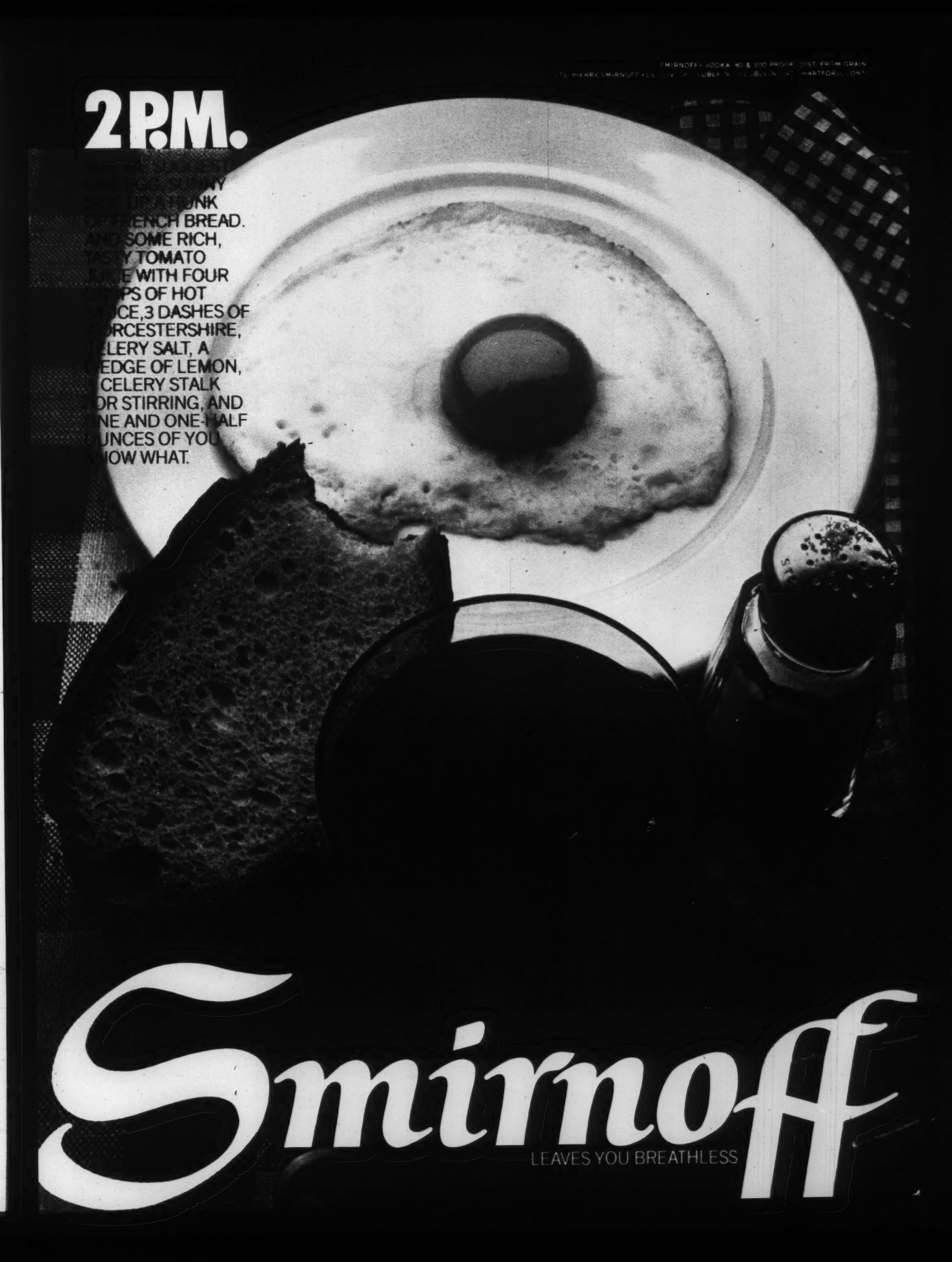
As if this long tradition of unsavory and apparently unreformable politics wasn't enough, Philadelphia also has had to contend with its self-inflicted mayor. Nicaragua has Somoza, and Philadelphia has Frank Rizzo (or "bambino," as thousands of loyal Italian-American voters call him). Rizzo is a six-year municipal monarch with a reputation for egocentricity, cronyism and the heaviest law 'n order hand in the U.S. A hard-nosed police commissioner recruited by the Democrats to run for mayor in 1971, Rizzo supported Nixon for President in 1972. More recently, he made national headlines when he took, and failed, a lie detector test concerning his political dealings.

Perhaps Rizzo's most notable contribution to the City of Brotherly Love has been to unleash upon it an era of unrestrained police brutality. (On a recent visit to Rome, Rizzo advised Italians to treat criminals *spacco il capo*—break their heads.) A *Philadelphia Inquirer* exposé amply documented a pattern of threats, beatings and abuse of constitutional rights by the police department's homicide division. Judges asked to rule on 433 homicide investigations from 1974 to the spring of 1977 found that the police acted illegally in 80 of them.

Such was the territory that 33-year-old Republican Dave Marston was invited to "clean up" when he arrived in July 1976 to hang his certificate of appointment—freshly signed by Gerald Ford—in the U.S. attorney's office on Market Street.

After graduating from Harvard Law School in 1967, Marston had spent three years in the Navy as gunnery officer on a frigate and another five years with a straight-arrow Philadelphia law firm. He was in Washington completing a three-year stint as Senator Richard Schweiker's legislative counsel when the incumbent U.S. Attorney for Eastern Pennsylvania was removed by the Ford Justice Department, partly—it was said in Philadelphia—for prosecutorial lethargy as usual. Marston went after the post and, on the basis of Schweiker's recommendation, got it.

By the time he took office, Marston—characteristically—had spent six months studying his new job and knew exactly what he wanted to do with it. In Phila-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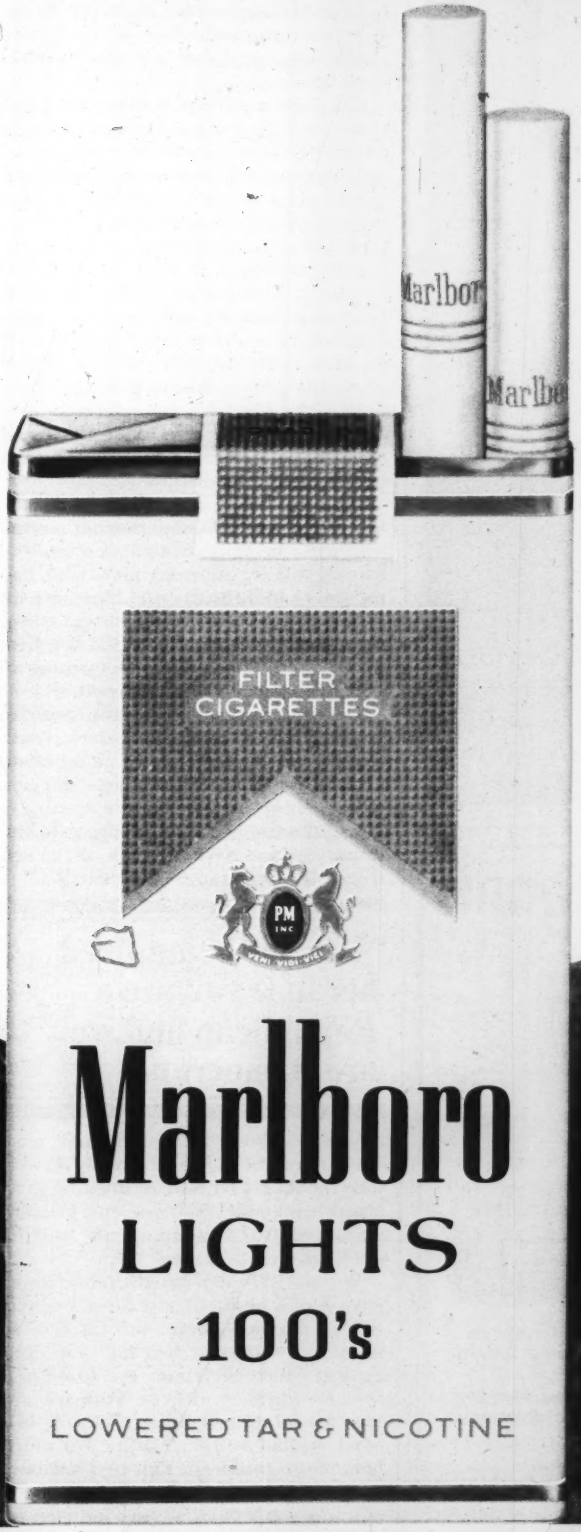

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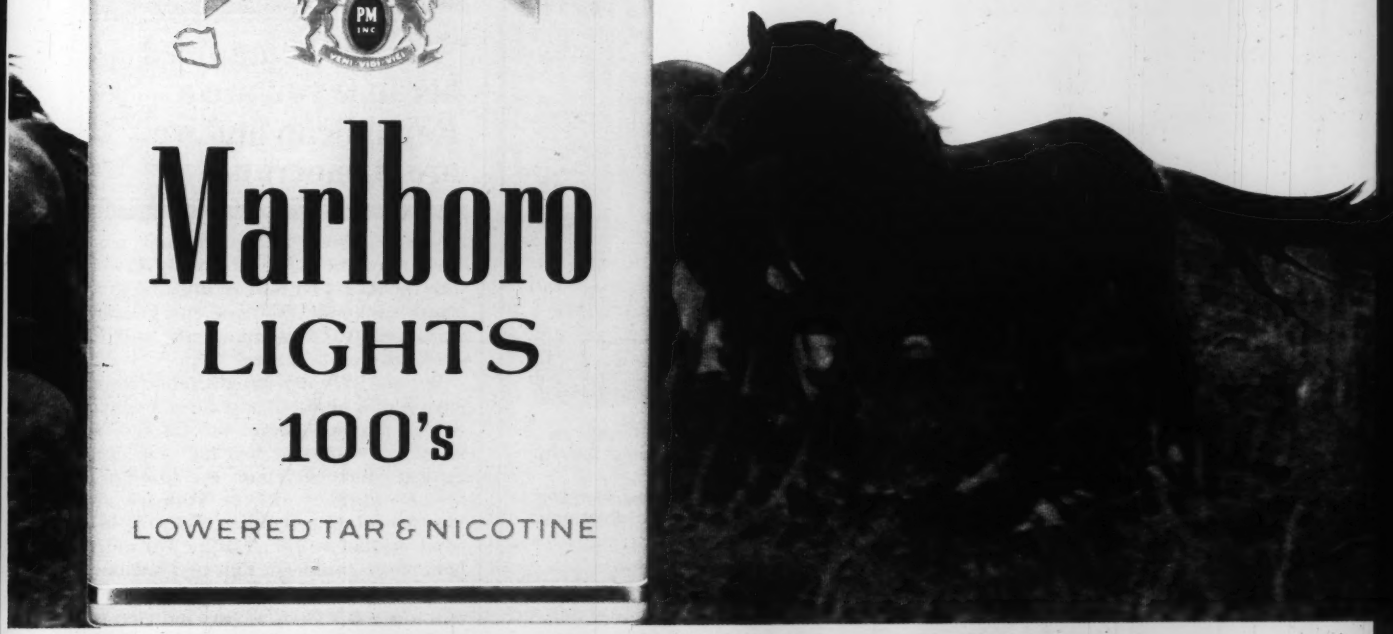

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delphia, his tenure—like that of most of his predecessors—was expected to be generally unproductive: a few minor convictions, perhaps, but the big boys would get away.

Only, for a change, it didn't turn out that way. Inheriting a disorganized U.S. attorney's office, which by tradition was slow-moving and patronage-staffed, the quick-witted Marston proved a surprisingly sound and determined administrator. He ended the two- to three-year fishing expeditions which landed only minnows, assigned priorities, set deadlines and shunted aside assistants who couldn't meet them. He filled 22 staff positions with the best trial lawyers he could find, regardless of political affiliations. A hard-driving perfectionist, Marston was quick to criticize aides, and could be an especially tough SOB with potential defendants.

His renewed investigation of a racially motivated firebombing murder ended with the conviction of two men and the freeing of an innocent man who had served 15 months for the crime. He indicted police on brutality charges and—most surprising of all—raised the heat on crooked officeholders by forming an effective anticorruption division.

Corruption cases, especially those involving major political figures, traditionally are the hardest to pull together. Usually there are no willing witnesses, and even when investigators manage to get testimony through promises of immunity, they have to pick their way through mountains of evidence to

"You are being fired because you are a Republican and we are Democrats"

figure out who has committed what crime, and how. Collaborating closely with the local FBI bureau under rejuvenated leadership, Marston energetically employed wiretaps, immunity and investigative grand juries.

By late 1976, his perseverance began paying off. That fall, a political bagman named Martin Abrams was offered immunity in return for his testimony against Herb Fineman, the influential former Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. "We told him what we had on him, but he just didn't believe we could get him or Fineman," recalls an assistant U.S. attorney. Abrams was wrong; he was indicted for perjury, and as his trial date approached, he grew convinced of the ability and determination of the prosecutors to beget him a long jail sentence. "He finally realized that stonewalling was against his interest, and he agreed

to become our main witness against Fineman," says another of Marston's assistants.

The Abrams breakthrough forced other potential witnesses to treat Marston's office with new respect. "We were able to show them we were their ghost of Christmas future," says Gil Scutti, former chief of Marston's criminal division. "If someone wanted to be a hard-ass, he had to understand we could make his life very unhappy. Or if he wanted to help us, maybe we could help him."

With the help of Abrams' testimony, the powerful Fineman was given a two-year jail term for attempting to obstruct justice during inquiries into a scheme to sell professional school admissions. Then, last December, former State Senator Henry J. (Buddy) Cianfrani, one-time chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, pleaded guilty to 106 counts of bribery, mail fraud and obstruction of justice.

The wheeling-stealing Cianfrani was an especially sweet catch. "If he can't get anything on me," Buddy C. had once said derisively of a Special Prosecutor, "he can't get anything on anybody." The confidence of such defendants in their invulnerability, if measured by the grandeur of their crimes, was enormous. Cianfrani confessed to running a ghost payroll, paying up to $360,000 a year to some 80 phantom workers who took state pay without performing any duties.

The fall of such major machine politicians as Fineman and Cianfrani created for Marston the credibility and clout to pursue even more difficult "paper trial" investigations. "Everybody knew Buddy Cianfrani was untouchable," explained Marston in his fast-talking monotone. "He was thumbing his nose at law enforcement. He and his kind thought they were too rich, too powerful—above the law. It was a bitter situation."

There were other casualties among members of the city Democratic organization as well. A former city council majority leader was convicted of accepting airport construction kickbacks; the Democrats' patronage chief was convicted of cigarette smuggling; the executive director of the Philadelphia Redevelopment Authority and Rizzo's former campaign manager were each indicted for allegedly accepting kickbacks.

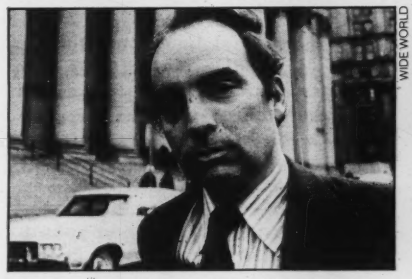
By last year, Rizzocrats had come to regard Marston as the worst hazard to Philadelphia since Legionnaire's disease. Savvy enough to know when not to pick a fight, Rizzo himself tried to steer clear of the young prosecutor. "I wouldn't know Marston if I fell over him," he said. It was no concern of his, Rizzo blithely explained, because there was no corruption in his administration. (Not everyone agreed, certainly not many of the 200,000 Philadelphians who signed petitions to have him recalled in the spring of 1976.)

GERARD C. BENENE/PHILA. INQUIRER

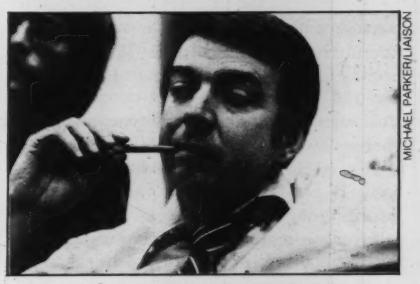
Bugged and fired: J. Shane Creamer

AL DEANS/PHILA. INQUIRER

Funds cut and fired: Bernard Siegel


WIDE WORLD

Sabotaged and fired: Wally Phillips


MICHAEL PARKER/LIAISON

Republican and fired: Dave Marston

Most of Marston's corruption targets were Democrats for the simple reason that Republicans have had fewer opportunities in such a Democratic stronghold. The scandal-plagued administration of Governor Milton Shapp alone has seen some 60 of its officials indicted, including three members of the governor's Cabinet. (Shapp has his own problems as well—a federal investigation of alleged irregularities in the financing of his '76 presidential campaign.)

Last summer, his reputation steadily rising, Marston prepared to make his boldest move yet, one that was to prove the beginning of his end: he launched an investigation into the roles played by two Pennsylvania Democratic congressmen—Joshua Eilberg and Daniel J. Flood—in the financing of a $65 million addition to Philadelphia's highly regarded Hahnemann Hospital. After he met with its administrator, Eilberg's Philadelphia law firm was retained by the hospital in 1975 to help obtain the federal and state aid needed to underwrite the addition. Over the next two years, according to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the hospital paid the Eilberg firm up to $500,000 in fees, an exorbitant amount by ordinary legal standards.

Eilberg denies any wrongdoing. He has acknowledged receiving some money from Hahnemann, but "not for federally related work." Nonetheless, the first task his firm undertook on behalf of the hospital was to work with Congressman Flood's office to obtain a $14.5 million federal grant for new construction. As chairman of the House Appropriation Subcommittee on Labor and Health, Education and Welfare, Flood was neatly positioned to attach a last-minute rider for that amount to the general appropriations bill of the Community Services Administration. The CSA grant to Hahnemann Hospital has been described as "highly unusual," especially since the agency (formerly the Office of Economic Opportunity) is mandated to "assist low and near-low income families and individuals . . . to become fully self-sufficient."

After Hahnemann won its $14.5 million grant, Flood reportedly was influential in the hospital's decision to retain Baltimore's Capital Investment Development Corporation to oversee the progress of the new wing. The chairman of Hahnemann's executive committee admits that the hospital's decision to contract with the Baltimore firm took into account Representative Flood's "interest" in the company. (It has been estimated that cost overruns on the project eventually will make the contract worth more than $1 million to Capital Investment.)

Even before Marston initiated his investigation of the two congressmen, Eilberg had begun calling Administration officials to have the head-hunting

U.S. attorney replaced. Between March and October last year, Eilberg (vice-chairman of Pennsylvania's Democratic Party as well as chairman of a House immigration subcommittee—and thereby key to the passage of the Administration's bill on illegal aliens) repeatedly called Attorney General Bell, key Carter aide Hamilton Jordan, congressional liaison Frank Moore, and domestic policy chief Stuart Eizenstat, all to no avail. Bell, for one, refused even to return Eilberg's calls, much less consider the Eilberg-Rizzo candidate for Marston's job, a municipal judge unlikely to prove a bold prosecutor.

On November 2, the Hahnemann probe escalated with a secret FBI interrogation of an important witness. Two days later, Eilberg placed a call to the President. There the matter might have rested, except that Carter felt obliged to return Eilberg's call that same day. From the kitchen of his Washington home, Eilberg told Carter that Marston had to go; the Ford appointee, he said, was using his U.S. attorneyship to springboard to higher office. Eilberg and his fellow Pennsylvania Democrats wanted a Democratic replacement. Soon. Now.

Three or four days later, Carter placed a call to his attorney general. Bell was out shopping but got the message that the President wanted to speak with him, and he phoned Carter from the manager's office in Washington's Brooks Brothers store.

Why was Marston still in office, the President asked, suggesting it was time to expedite his ouster. "He told me he wished I would hurry in finding a replacement," recalled Bell later, "and I said, 'All right, I'm hurrying.'" Bell promptly passed on Carter's request to his top two aides, Associate Attorney General Michael Egan and Peter Flaherty, then deputy attorney general and now a Pennsylvania gubernatorial candidate. For once, Flaherty and Egan were of like minds: both told Bell it would look bad if Marston were fired. Bell was unmoved.

It was a week later, at the U.S. attorneys' reception at the Watergate Hotel, that Egan told Marston he probably was on his way out. When he heard that Eilberg was pushing hard for his removal, Marston almost told Egan about the Hahnemann Hospital investigation on the spot. But not wishing to appear to be blackmailing the Administration to keep his job, he decided to keep silent. Two days later, however, after reviewing the status of the probe, including the likelihood of Eilberg's involvement, Marston met with his immediate superior, Assistant Attorney General Russell Baker. There was some suspicion that Eilberg might be seeking a political remedy for a judicial malady: "I said, 'Let me tell you what's happened here; we have an investigation of Hahnemann Hospital and here's what's involved.' I gave him some names, and I told him, 'Because of that investigation and Eilberg's phone call to the President, it raises some concern in my mind.'"

WIDE WORLD

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Flood and Eilberg: Pennsylvania Democrats wanted Marston out. Soon. Now

As Marston's Elliott Ness days dwindled down to a precious few, he considered his plight in his third-floor office at Philadelphia's new U.S. Courthouse. Outwardly calm, he reviewed the battle over the phone with friends. "I was fired twice in one day on national TV," he told one. "I haven't heard anything from Washington since Tuesday . . . Yeah, I hope I'll be permitted to serve a full four-year term—I think the record justifies it." Slouching back in a deep, majesty-of-the-law leather chair, puffing vigorously on a thick cigar, Marston reflected on his more probable fate.

"The pattern in Pennsylvania," he said, "has been that when prosecutors get too close, the politicians yank them out of office. Obviously that's not changed. Except for the call from Eilberg to the President, I don't think I would be removed. I certainly don't want to go; I think this is the best job in the country for a lawyer." Were more convictions likely, someone asked. "Oh, yeah," he said, smiling briefly, "we're just getting warmed up. You have to keep in mind that all this has never been done here before."

Marston is an intense, stoop-shouldered man with unruly dark hair and the chipmunk look of a younger Howard Cosell. He has keen, combative eyes—and a sense of priorities. In those final days, his left-handed notes on the squared-off pile of yellow legal pads were meticulous, his desktop clear; but his shirt was wrinkled, his rep tie loose, black Florsheims scuffed, pants hoisted. If Dave Marston was indeed grandstanding as a calculated prelude to a political career of his own—and many believed he was—he certainly was not leaning heavily on personal appearance.

Outside his office hung smiling portraits of the men about to do him in, Jimmy Carter and Griffin Bell. Framed alongside them was an excerpt from Mr. Justice Sutherland's opinion on the job of U.S. attorney: "He is in a very peculiar and delicate sense, the servant of the law, the twofold aim of which is that guilt shall not escape or ignorance suffer." Like many Philadelphians, Marston believed he was meeting that standard; he only hoped he could finish what he had started.

But it was not to be. On the first anniversary of Jimmy Carter's inauguration, Marston and four of his key aides took a five-hour, snow-delayed train trip to Washington to meet with the attorney general. Bell had asked them to come. As they were ushered into his office, with its easy and not-so-easy chairs drawn in a circle before a crackling open fire, Marston and his men were tense, strained by the exhausting ride from Philadelphia, not at all knowing what to expect.

A few moments later, Bell walked into the spacious room, shook hands all around, and immediately got down to the business at hand. "This is between Mr. Marston and me," he said. "There is one attorney general of the United States and I am he. The U.S. attorneys are subordinate to the attorney general. Mr. Marston, do you accept that?"

With that chilly declaration and Marston's crisp, "Yes, sir," the final showdown began. The first hour was virtually a Bell monologue in which he reviewed the ongoing Eilberg investigation. One of Bell's aides had argued that Marston's removal would impede the probe, but two other senior Justice Department officials, who had reviewed Marston's office closely, believed it could proceed satisfactorily under his replacement. Bell agreed.

"Is it final then that I'm going to be replaced?" Marston asked.

"Yes," said Bell, "we're working on your successor now." To Marston's request that he be allowed to complete his four-year term, ending July 1980, Bell answered bluntly, "That's not a possibility and never has been . . . You have bootstrapped yourself, and everybody supports you, but that's not going to make any difference."

Marston's aides broke in repeatedly to argue that the record supported his retention, until finally the exasperated attorney general exploded: "I can't seem to get this through to you. You are being fired because you are a Republican and we are Democrats." Bell readily admitted that his decision was influenced by pressure from a majority of Pennsylvania's Democratic congressmen. When he was a young lawyer, he recalled, "the lights went out in U.S. attorneys offices everywhere when there was a change of administration."

At times, Bell appeared uncomfortable in his role at the fusion point of politics and justice. President Carter could fire him over the way he had handled the affair, Bell mused at one point, "and maybe he should." Once, he said, he had even woken up thinking he should resign, but decided against it since he felt he had done nothing wrong.

Marston's refusal to remain in office until a successor could be appointed clearly annoyed the attorney general. "You have a duty to your country," he said. In respectful but firm terms, Marston disagreed. To stay on as a lame duck, he argued, would place ongoing investigations in limbo and possibly jeopardize their chances of success. "I don't want to preside over destruction of an office I've worked hard to build," Marston told Bell.

Afterward, deeply upset by the long, tense meeting, Gil Scutti, the 31-year-old chief of Marston's criminal division, lingered for a private word with the attorney general. He apologized for any offense he might have caused. Bell was sympathetic. "Yes," he said, "I can see the man's a leader."

That was Friday, Jaunary 20. The following Monday, Marston gave a brief, unemotional address to his staff and left. "I felt good," he says. "I wasn't bitter, and I'm proud of what the office had accomplished." The next day, Scutti and Marston's deputy, Kirk Karaszkiewicz, handed in their resignations. "I'm forced to leave the job I love because there is no justice in the Department of Justice," Scutti said.

The decision to fire Marston loosed a flood of outrage in Philadelphia unprecedented in the city's long history of apathy. Their civic pride battered enough, most Philadelphians were ready to cling to Marston like a drowning man to a straw. The three dailies, along with local

To Rizzocrats, Marston was the worst thing to hit the city since Legionnaire's disease

radio and television stations, were backed in their stinging editorial criticisms of Bell and Carter by bulging sacks of mail. The *Inquirer* even published a special 20-page issue on the Marston affair, covering it as minutely as a presidential assassination, lacking only a full-color picture of the martyred young prosecutor "suitable for framing."

Within a week of Marston's dismissal, the White House itself reported receiving 11,393 phone calls and 23,000 letters and wires (a public reponse equaling that of the Lance affair), 99 percent of them supporting Marston. "People are just totally outraged," said John White of the Philadelphia D.A.'s office. "It's unbelievable. We've been deluged with questions—I've never seen anything like it. People aren't trying to make a saint of Marston, they're just tired of seeing this stuff happen."

"It goes beyond Marston to the integrity of the justice system," adds Henry T. Reath, a Democrat and Carter supporter who nevertheless organized an ad hoc group of 300 prominent lawyers to campaign for the prosecutor's retention. "Political corruption was rife, and all efforts to root it out had failed because the politicians have their way. Then here was a young, aggressive prosecutor who had done what cynics said was impossible."

The onslaught of indignation took Washington completely by surprise. The Administration "misspoke" itself so frequently that there seemed to be a different version of what the President meant with each new day. At a press conference, Carter admitted calling Bell to "expedite" Marston's ouster only after his initial denial prompted follow-up questions from the Watergate-haunted White House press corps.

When Carter made that critical call, clearly neither he nor his attorney general understood the broad, bipartisan enthusiasm Marston had generated with his courtroom victories. Nor did Carter grasp that to fire Marston was to perpetuate the very pattern in Philadelphia which has allowed corruption to flourish there—a pattern which would make Marston the fourth prosecutor to prematurely leave office in five years. "The President didn't know what was going on in Philadelphia," says one veteran of the city's political wars, looking back on it all. "Eilberg sandbagged him. Carter's bleeding all over the place for Josh." ●

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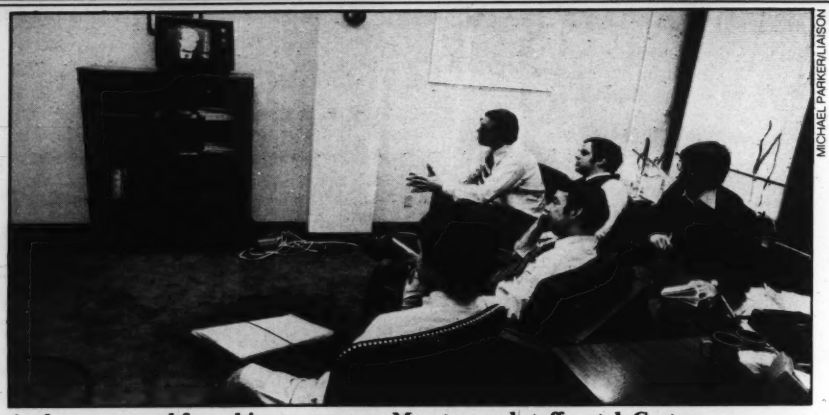
FIRED

On the Hiring and Firing of U.S. Attorneys

by Robert Shrum



MICHAEL PARKER/LIAISON

And now, a word from his ex-sponsor: Marston and staff watch Carter

Shortly after his inauguration, President Kennedy's White House chief of staff Kenny O'Donnell called Elliot Richardson in Boston to tell him that he was no longer the United States Attorney for Eastern Massachusetts. "I can't leave," replied Richardson, who had resisted earlier Justice Department attempts to supplant him. "I'm in the middle of several important investigations."

"Just one second, please, Elliot," O'Donnell snapped politely.

The next voice Richardson heard was unmistakable. "Elliot, this is John Kennedy. If necessary there'll be a U.S. Marshall at your door. You're being replaced by Arthur Garrity [the distinguished Yankee—and Democratic—lawyer who, as a federal judge 14 years later, would order the desegregation of the Boston schools]. If you have any questions, take them up with Kenny," the President concluded, handing the phone back to O'Donnell. Richardson resigned forthwith.

Only a few of the Republican incumbents put up a brief, losing battle against the Kennedy Administration's 1961 virtual clean sweep of U.S. attorneys. They half-heartedly cited the statute setting their terms at four years, but that provision did not prevent the President from firing them in mid-term. "Look, pal," a Kennedy aide said to one of them, "your party lost the election."

Like other Administrations, the new Kennedy regime treated U.S. attorneys as pieces of patronage. But working within the traditional partisan context, a Kennedy man recalls, they looked for Arthur Garritys, good Democrats who would also be good U.S. attorneys: "If you picked first-rate people, you didn't get much criticism."

The basic political context, then and now, is the veto power that senators of the President's own party have over appointees in their home states. (The Senate has to confirm U.S. attorneys.) First, nominations go to the Judiciary Committee. Chairman James Eastland of Mississippi then sends a blue slip with the nominee's name on it to the senators from that state. If they don't return it, or if they indicate that the nominee is objectionable, and if they're Democrats, Eastland sits on the nomination: the President can leave the post vacant—or submit another name. The Kennedy Administration simultaneously observed and evaded this process. The Justice Department asked senators for their preference for U.S. attorney. High Justice Department officials then checked informally with lawyers they knew and trusted in the local jurisdictions. If the check showed that the senator's choice was just an honest mediocrity, the Department lied a little, telling the senator, in one official's phrase: "Your man can't stand the FBI frisk."

It was politics, but politics played well. The line between crass partisanship and equal justice under the law was a tortuous one, but the Kennedy brothers managed to tread it most of the time. Not so Jimmy Carter. With the Marston case he has managed to cover himself and his Administration not only with the embarrassment of possible impropriety, but of something that in Washington is even worse—a public pratfall, the moral equivalent of Jerry Ford's frequent stumbles. Carter's first *faux pas* was to suggest that in this particular area he was going to be completely above politics. "Carter left the impression that he wasn't going to play the game at all," says a Washington Democrat, "and after Watergate, that kind of anti-politics was smart politics." Carter's pledge to select judges and prosecutors "strictly on merit" followed naturally from his anti-political campaign theme. It also reflected his record as governor of Georgia. He pointed to his nonpolitical judicial appointments in a speech to the Atlanta B'nai Brith in April 1974, when his presidential candidacy was just a twinkle in his inner circle's eye. He emphasized that record again two weeks later in his famous Law Day address at the University of Georgia—the speech that converted Hunter Thompson into a Carter man. When he announced his candidacy to the National Press Club in December 1974, Carter promised that *all* major federal officials would be chosen "on a strict basis of merit." The attorney general wouldn't even be in the Cabinet.

Eighteen months later, with the Democratic nomination locked up, Carter presented his recommendations to the National Convention's Platform Committee. He de-escalated his political purity. It was no longer all officials, but "all federal judges and prosecutors" whom he promised to select on merit. And that was just the beginning of Jimmy Carter's encounter with the political facts of presidential life. During the transition after the 1976 election, Attorney General-to-be Griffin Bell met in Atlanta with the Senate Judiciary Committee's power-that-is—James Eastland. That merit stuff, Eastland said, could be carried too far. Bell de-escalated Carter's pledge two more notches: Senators wouldn't get to pick circuit court judges, but district judges and U.S. attorneys would stay in the patronage system. Later, Associate Attorney General Michael Egan reported a Bell caveat that "any new U.S. attorney must be as good or better than the incumbent being replaced."

It sounded like the Kennedy formula. The difference, as a Washington lawyer experienced in Democratic politics puts it, was that "the Carter people didn't know how to execute the strategy." Carter's transition team was warned to be ready to send Congress nominations for all 94 U.S. attorneys in the first weeks of the Administration. They were given the names of Kennedy Justice Department officials who could help out. But few of the officials were ever contacted, and few senators were consulted about U.S. attorneys in their states before Inauguration Day. "Partly it was that they still half-believed their own pious pronouncements," says a former transition adviser. "They couldn't bring themselves to be openly political." He

adds that Carter's top aides didn't want advice: "They wanted to do it on their own. But they didn't know who to call in all those local areas to get good names." The result was nonpoliticians playing politics badly. "Carter's Georgia group is just Kennedy's Irish Mafia with Southmouth, but without the skills," says a veteran of the Johnson Administration. "Those guys from Georgia couldn't name the Georgia congressional delegation when they got here."

The White House staff left the nomination of U.S. attorneys and the negotiations with the Senate largely to Attorney General Griffin Bell. Bell has a network of contacts in the legal community, but until the Marston case exploded he was little interested, and less involved, in the process. Thus the responsibility fell to Assoc. Attorney General Egan, a Bell friend from Georgia and a one-time *Republican* Georgia House minority leader. In the early months, the Carter Justice Department muddled through the minefield, replacing Republican U.S. attorneys in Chicago, Detroit and New Jersey without major controversy. But Egan wanted to keep Marston in Philadelphia. So did then-Deputy Attorney General Peter Flaherty, a former mayor of Pittsburgh and a mortal political enemy of Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, whose cronies Marston was investigating and indicting. So Marston stayed through Carter's first year—"and if you wait a year, it will seem very political to remove a U.S. attorney, especially in a place like Philadelphia," explains one of Washington's top lawyers, a one-time political insider.

Philadelphia is an ironic place for Carter to have tarnished his nonpolitical image. Nearly two years ago he won the Pennsylvania primary, his most crucial step toward the Democratic nomination, by running against the Rizzo machine. Pollster Pat Caddell's surveys showed that outside of Philadelphia, which the machine probably would deliver to Rizzo's candidate (Henry Jackson), anyway, the mayor was intensely disliked. I was then Carter's speechwriter, and Caddell and I recommended that he should make Rizzo the issue. In the week before the primary, Carter steadily blasted the mayor as a political boss who wasted public funds on "patronage." He scored Rizzo for supporting Nixon in 1972 and added: "Mr. Rizzo and I have very different ideas about who and what government ought to represent."

But Carter had another idea once he had the Democratic nomination. He made his peace with Rizzo, who backed him against Gerald Ford. Because of (or perhaps despite) that backing, Carter carried Pennsylvania, and the Philadelphia machine expected its patronage reward from the new President. And since both of Pennsylvania's senators are Republicans, the pressure to replace Marston came from House members. Machine Congressman Joshua Eilberg, "a dubious character since the day he entered politics," according to an assistant U.S. attorney in Philadelphia, started calling about Marston in March 1977. He talked to Griffin Bell, to Carter's chief aide, Hamilton Jordan, to congressional liaison Frank Moore, and to domestic policy chief Stuart Eizenstat. Finally, in exasperation, he phoned the President early last November. White House sources insist that Carter had no inkling that Marston was investigating Eilberg, though one Administration official concedes that the congressman's "frantic efforts should have set off warning bells." The problem was that Carter's inner circle wasn't sensitive to things like that—and Carter didn't know Eilberg's reputation. What Carter did know was that Eilberg, as Chairman of the House Immigration Subcommittee, might block the Administration's proposal to deal with illegal aliens. Instead of discussing Eilberg's plea with Hamilton Jordan or any other political adviser, Carter told Attorney General Bell to "expedite" Marston's removal.

Carter compounded this string of errors at his January 12 news conference. There was no forewarning in his briefing book that the Marston affair might be the big question that day. At first, the President tried to brush it off, claiming that he had "not interfered at all"—that he had "not discussed this case with the attorney general." When pressed, he conceded, in effect, that he was lying: he had talked with both Eilberg and Bell about Marston. But he added that his conversation with Bell had occurred *before* the one with Eilberg. Unfortunately for the President, Bell himself then told a reporter that Carter had mentioned Eilberg's concern to him. At that point, Bell has insisted, he was completely unaware of any Eilberg investigation, though it had started in mid-July. Bell apparently remained in the dark even after Marston told Deputy Assistant Attorney General Russell Baker about it on November 16, twelve days after Eilberg's call to Carter. At first, Justice Department sources reported that Baker had passed the word to his boss, Criminal Division Chief Benjamin Civiletti, but not in such strong terms that Civiletti would take it to Bell. Civiletti now denies that Baker ever informed him of the Eilberg probe.

By the time everybody knew, after Carter's January 12 press conference, the President's dander was up; he wasn't about to back down on Marston. So on January 20 Bell summoned Marston to Washington and personally fired him. The Department of Justice's Office of Professional Responsibility, a post-Watergate institution that is supposed to guard the guards, took affidavits about the Marston case from Griffin Bell and other Department officials—and a statement from the President of the United States. A "crime" might have been committed, a Justice Department official said. His words eerily echoed the past that Jimmy Carter had campaigned against in '76: "We want to know what did they know and when did they know it."

Not surprisingly, the Department quickly cleared the President and the attorney general of any legal improprieties. At least for the moment, it seems Carter didn't know enough about Marston and Eilberg to get himself into the worst kind of trouble. But he also hadn't known enough to keep out of the second major scandal of his first year in office. The episode has left an impression of pious hypocrisy and sheer incompetence in the White House. "Putting on the presidential pants seems to be very complex to them," says a disgusted Washington Democrat. Common Cause is angry at Carter for breaking his word on merit appointments. The politicians are angry because he's been half-heartedly, ineffectively political. Blacks and women are angry because, with district court judgeships conceded to senatorial patronage, only two of the thirty-one new judges are blacks, and only one is a woman. A civil rights activist pointedly notes that 44 percent of California Governor Jerry Brown's judicial appointments have been women or minority group members. Finally, the Marston problem threatens to repeat itself. More than a year into Carter's presidency, there are still some 25 holdover Republican U.S. attorneys. "How can we get rid of them now?" groans a 1976 Carter ally.

In defending David Marston's dismissal, Attorney General Bell sounded bluntly different from Jimmy Carter in his campaign oratory. "The 'ins' are the Democrats," Bell said. "This is the political system in this country"—the very system that Carter had pledged to reform.

In fact, there is an intelligent defense to be made for the traditional political system. Washington political consultant Mark Shields, who's not a Carter apologist, believes that a partisan label is not only a legitimate requirement, but an important qualification, for U.S. attorneys. "The Justice Department is the heart and soul of an administration," he argues. "It determines your priorities on vital issues. A U.S. attorney who's a Democrat is more likely to push civil rights and antitrust cases." It was in that spirit that the Kennedy Administration tried to strike a balance between politics and merit. The Carter Administration seems to have blundered away both. ●

Future Imperfect

- **ALI K.O.'D IN 6?**
- **TWINS FOR DAVID AND JULIE?**
- **AFRICA AFTER AMIN?**

Who knows? This time last year, who among you could have predicted Sadat's trip to Israel, or the *Star Wars* craze, or Larry Flynt's conversion? And which one of you, as you sat laboring over your answers, could have guessed that when the time came to judge last year's entries they would all be missing? We're sorry, and to make up for these false profits we're upping the prize this year to $1,000. All you have to do to win the Fifth Annual Future Events Contest is fill in the blanks, check as many—or as few—boxes as you want on the answer sheet, and send it in by February 28.

- **BILLY CARTER KIDNAPPED?**
- **PARIS DESIGNERS PICK UP ON SHRINERS?**
- **WATERGATE TAPES TOP ALBUM CHARTS?**

Who knows? But if you think you did well last year, you'll surely do even better this time. And don't worry—this year we'll store your entries in a safe. Now, if we can just remember what we did with that safe . . .

Who among the following will be elected or reelected to Congress in November 1978?

1. George Wallace
2. Edward Brooke
3. Bella Abzug
4. James Eastland
5. Wendell Anderson
6. John Warner
7. Bill Bradley
8. Jesse Helms
9. Hubert Humphrey III
10. Joshua Eilberg

Which of the following will no longer exist on December 31, 1978?

11. *Saturday Night Live*
12. Saturday mail delivery
13. The Oakland A's
14. *Chicago Daily News*
15. *Chic* magazine
16. Anita Bryant orange juice ads
17. The Rolling Stones
18. The Rockettes
19. *All in the Family*
20. Idi Amin

21. Between them, *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* will win _____ Academy Awards.
    a. Fewer than 5
    b. 5–8
    c. 9–12
    d. 13
    e. 14 or more

22. Who will be the World Heavyweight Champ on December 31, 1978?

23. Name one person who will come out of the closet in 1978.

24. How many races will Steve Cauthen win during 1978?

25. Who will be *Time*'s Person of the Year?

Which of the following subcultures will provide inspiration to Paris designers in 1978?

26. Eskimos
27. The Tasaday tribe
28. Domestics
29. Hassidic Jews
30. Shriners

Which of the following couples will divorce in 1978?

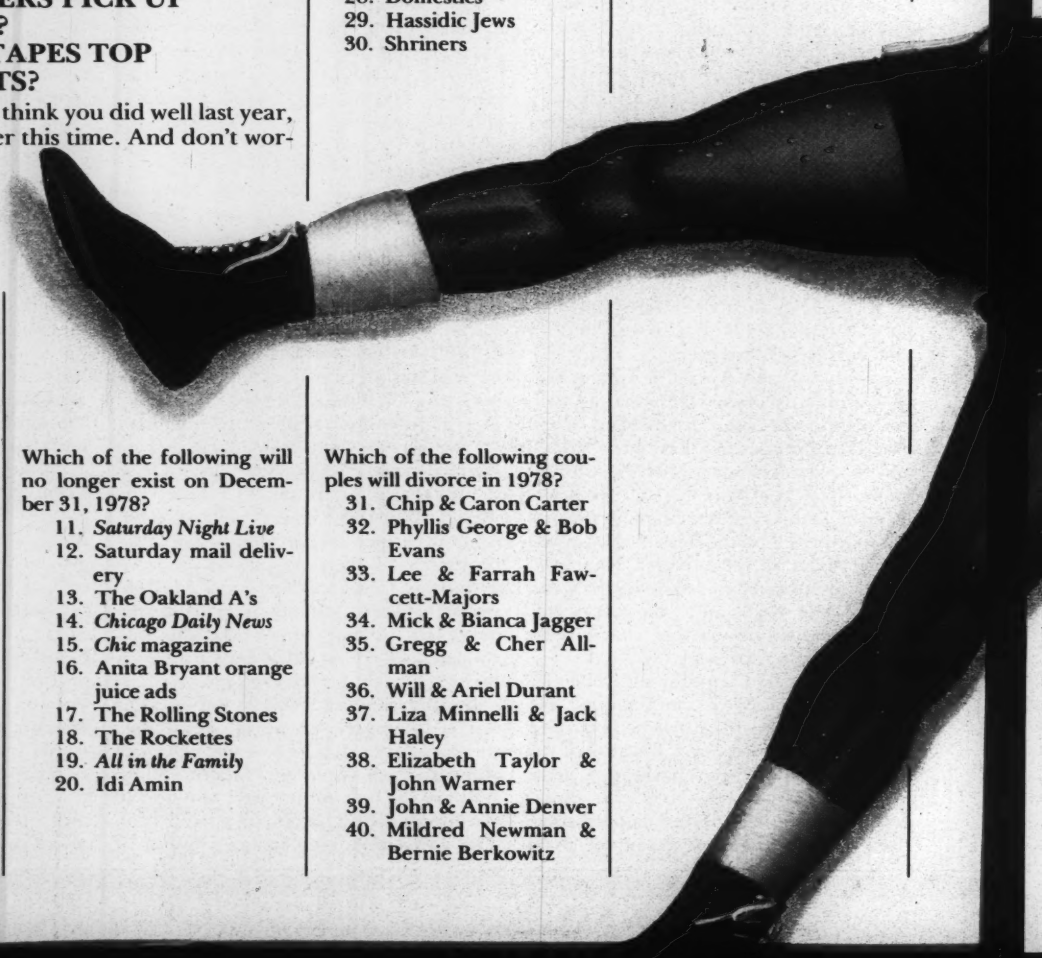
31. Chip & Caron Carter
32. Phyllis George & Bob Evans
33. Lee & Farrah Fawcett-Majors
34. Mick & Bianca Jagger
35. Gregg & Cher Allman
36. Will & Ariel Durant
37. Liza Minnelli & Jack Haley
38. Elizabeth Taylor & John Warner
39. John & Annie Denver
40. Mildred Newman & Bernie Berkowitz

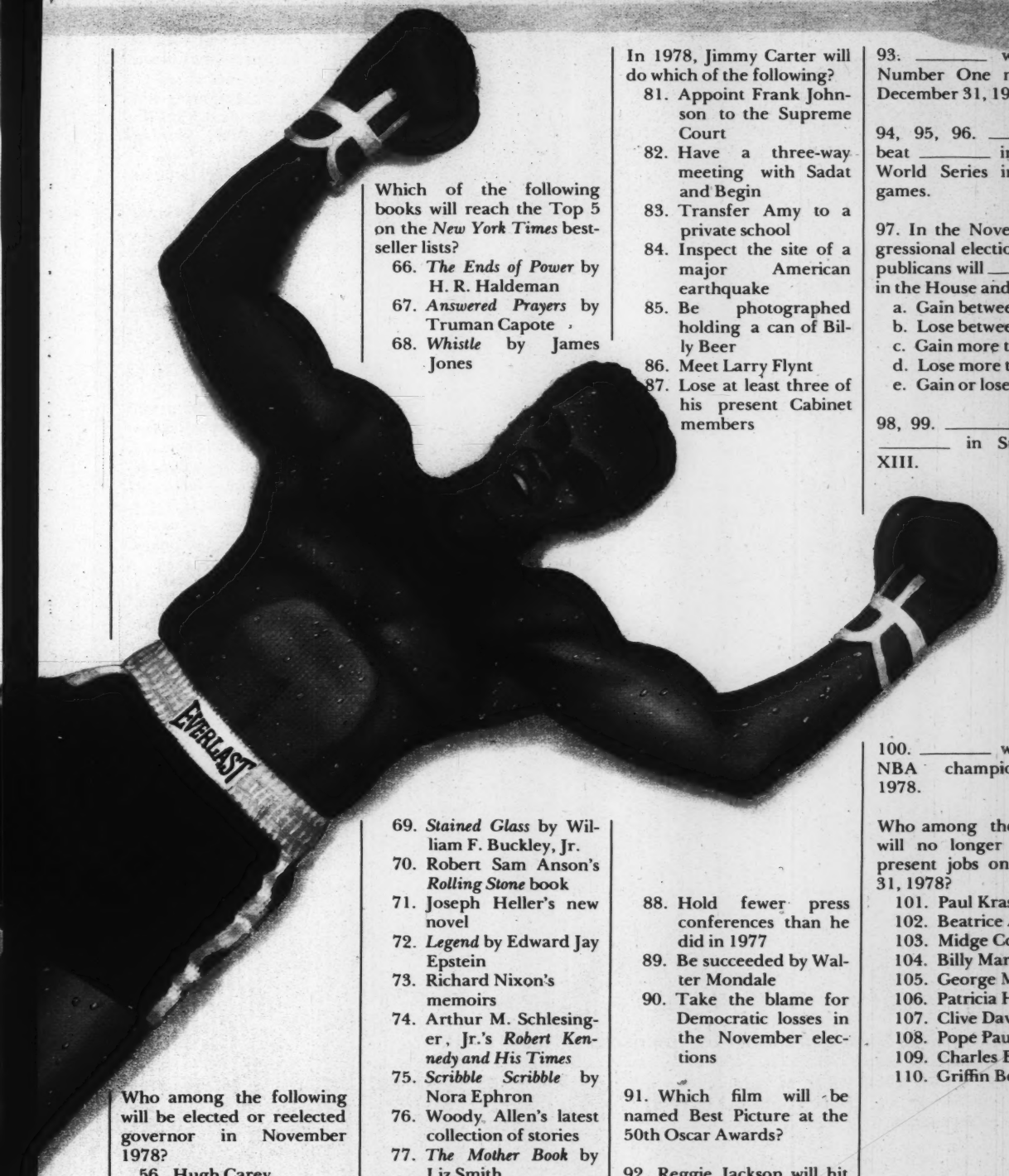
Who among the following will be in jail on December 31, 1978?

41. Linda Blair
42. David Begelman
43. Roman Polanski
44. Frank Rizzo
45. Dan Flood
46. Marvin Mandel
47. Sun Myung Moon
48. Evel Knievel
49. Keith Richard
50. The Hillside Strangler

Which of the following will be the subject of a TV sitcom in 1978?

51. Women behind bars
52. Mexican aliens
53. Phoenix House
54. Massage parlors
55. Life in an orphanage





Who among the following will be elected or reelected governor in November 1978?

56. Hugh Carey
57. Tom McCall
58. Ella Grasso
59. Rudy Perpich
60. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
61. Michael Dukakis
62. James Rhodes
63. Big Jim Thompson
64. Peter Flaherty
65. Dolph Briscoe

Which of the following books will reach the Top 5 on the *New York Times* best-seller lists?

66. *The Ends of Power* by H. R. Haldeman
67. *Answered Prayers* by Truman Capote
68. *Whistle* by James Jones
69. *Stained Glass* by William F. Buckley, Jr.
70. Robert Sam Anson's *Rolling Stone* book
71. Joseph Heller's new novel
72. *Legend* by Edward Jay Epstein
73. Richard Nixon's memoirs
74. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *Robert Kennedy and His Times*
75. *Scribble Scribble* by Nora Ephron
76. Woody Allen's latest collection of stories
77. *The Mother Book* by Liz Smith
78. *How to Be Your Own Child*
79. *.44* by Jimmy Breslin and Dick Schaap
80. *How to Grow Cocaine*

In 1978, Jimmy Carter will do which of the following?

81. Appoint Frank Johnson to the Supreme Court
82. Have a three-way meeting with Sadat and Begin
83. Transfer Amy to a private school
84. Inspect the site of a major American earthquake
85. Be photographed holding a can of Billy Beer
86. Meet Larry Flynt
87. Lose at least three of his present Cabinet members
88. Hold fewer press conferences than he did in 1977
89. Be succeeded by Walter Mondale
90. Take the blame for Democratic losses in the November elections

91. Which film will be named Best Picture at the 50th Oscar Awards?

92. Reggie Jackson will hit _____ home runs during the regular 1978 season.

a. 0–18
b. 19–26
c. 27–35
d. 36–42
e. 43 or more

93. _____ will be the Number One network on December 31, 1978.

94, 95, 96. _____ will beat _____ in the 1978 World Series in _____ games.

97. In the November Congressional elections, the Republicans will _____ seats in the House and Senate.

a. Gain between 6 and 20
b. Lose between 6 and 20
c. Gain more than 20
d. Lose more than 20
e. Gain or lose 5 or less

98, 99. _____ will meet _____ in Super Bowl XIII.

100. _____ will win the NBA championship in 1978.

Who among the following will no longer hold their present jobs on December 31, 1978?

101. Paul Krassner
102. Beatrice Arthur
103. Midge Costanza
104. Billy Martin
105. George Meany
106. Patricia Harris
107. Clive Davis
108. Pope Paul VI
109. Charles Bluhdorn
110. Griffin Bell

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE DEEN

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TROSSMAN

"Little Dick and Little Ike, you're our boys!"

In 1978, Jerry Brown will appear on the covers of which of the following magazines?

111. *Time*
112. *Newsweek*
113. *New York Times Magazine*
114. *Rolling Stone*
115. *New Times*
116. *High Times*
117. *Psychology Today*
118. *National Review*
119. *People*
120. *Us*

Which of the following will make a comeback in 1978?

121. *Life* or *Look*
122. The 60 m.p.h. speed limit
123. Rita Hayworth
124. Acid
125. Mono records
126. Brassieres
127. Catfish Hunter
128. Chevy Chase
129. Liberals
130. Peter Bogdanovich

NIK WHEELER/BLACK STAR

Which of the following events will occur in 1978?

131. Tip O'Neill will be forced to step down as House Speaker.
132. A UFO sighting will be the lead item on the *CBS Evening News*.
133. Billy Carter will be kidnapped.
134. A Panama Canal treaty will be signed.
135. Bert Lance will be indicted for something.
136. Italy will leave NATO.
137. The SST will be banned from JFK Airport.
138. Richard Nixon will plug his book on the *Merv Griffin Show*.
139. Capital punishment will claim at least one victim in the U.S.
140. The Dow Jones average will fall below 550.
141. Israel will sign a peace agreement with Egypt.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

ART SEITZ/BLACK STAR

142. Israel will go to war with Egypt.
143. Quebec will secede from Canada.
144. At least five congressmen will be indicted in "Koreagate."
145. Tom Snyder will say to his guest, Steve Martin, "Well, excuuuuse meeeee, haw haw haw!"

Which of the following will have a Top 10 record on *Billboard*'s LP charts during 1978?
146. Dolly Parton
147. Talking Heads
148. Bob Dylan
149. The Rolling Stones
150. Richard Nixon

Who among the following will make public spectacles of themselves in 1978?
151. Billy Carter
152. Paul Lynde
153. Margaret Trudeau
154. Daniel Patrick Moynihan
155. Sylvester Stallone
156. John Simon
157. Barbra Streisand
158. Ron Galella
159. Frank Sinatra
160. David Susskind

Who among the following will grace the covers of *People* or *Us* in 1978?
161. Brooke Shields
162. Francis Ford Coppola
163. Diana Ross
164. The Bee Gees
165. Tatum O'Neal
166. Burt Reynolds
167. Farrah Fawcett-Majors
168. Warren Beatty
169. Julie & David Eisenhower
170. Christopher Reeve

Which of the following world leaders will be out of power on December 31, 1978?
171. Anwar Sadat
171. Leonid Brezhnev
173. Pierre Trudeau
174. James Callaghan
175. Ian Smith
176. Menachem Begin
177. Park Chung Hee
178. Giscard D'Estaing
179. Fidel Castro
180. Bokassa I

Who among the following will marry in 1978?
181. Pete Hamill
182. Werner Erhard
183. Jane Pauley
184. Ed Koch
185. Jerry Brown
186. Chris Evert
187. Margaux Hemingway
188. Gilda Radner
189. Bob Dylan
190. Prince Charles

In the pages of their forthcoming books, which of the following will happen?
191. Nixon will blame Haldeman.
192. Haldeman will blame Nixon.
193. Both will blame Ehrlichman.
194. Haldeman will praise Nixon.
195. Nixon will praise Nixon.
196. Haldeman will speculate that Nixon caused the 18.5-minute gap.
197. Nixon will speculate that Rose Mary Woods caused the gap.
198. Each will publicly deny things in the other's book.
199. Nixon will devote more pages to China than to Watergate.
200. Nixon will use the word "frankly" in the first ten pages.

Tie-breaker: Haldeman will reportedly name Deep Throat in his book. Who will he name? _____

ANSWER SHEET

Check as many boxes as you want, and fill in the blanks. Completed answer sheets should be sent to:
Future Events NEW TIMES One Park Avenue New York, N. Y. 10016

1☐ 2☐ 3☐ 4☐ 5☐ 6☐ 7☐ 8☐ 9☐ 10☐ 11☐ 12☐ 13☐ 14☐ 15☐ 16☐ 17☐ 18☐ 19☐

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151☐ 152☐ 153☐ 154☐ 155☐ 156☐ 157☐ 158☐ 159☐ 160☐ 161☐ 162☐ 163☐ 164☐ 165☐ 166☐ 167☐ 168☐ 169☐ 170☐ 171☐ 172☐ 173☐ 174☐ 175☐ 176☐ 177☐

178☐ 179☐ 180☐ 181☐ 182☐ 183☐ 184☐ 185☐ 186☐ 187☐ 188☐ 189☐ 190☐ 191☐ 192☐ 193☐ 194☐ 195☐ 196☐ 197☐ 198☐ 199☐ 200☐ Tie Breaker _____

_____

Entries will be judged by the editors of *New Times*, whose decision will be final. *New Times* will not be responsible for the loss or failure to consider any entry. All entries must be postmarked no later than February 28, 1978; and the winner will be announced early in 1979.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

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We made it!!

Our gang on the summit of Sunday River Whitecap!

Winter Survival

by John Casey

The Outward Bound program teaches you how to endure sub-zero temperatures, waist-high snowdrifts, and rations the Army wouldn't dare serve. Some people even enjoy it

The next time you are skiing or sledding or just taking a walk through the snow, cast your eye on the nearest deep drift and consider how you would do if you had to spend the night in it. The first question you might ask is, "Would I freeze to death?" The next question, "How miserable would I be?" The idea that it might be *fun* could only occur to someone suffering from dangerous, even terminal, optimism.

Last winter I spent 11 days and nights outdoors in western Maine with an Outward Bound group; for two of them I was alone in my own snowdrift. I undertook this expedition out of a sense that some sort of mild adventure is essential to well-being, and I thought that the Outward Bound courses could serve it up fairly neatly. I don't think the Outward Bound people would object to this motive, but they certainly have several aims that are more lofty or urgent.

Outward Bound was born of a specific emergency. During 1940–41, 32,000 of the 145,000 British merchant seamen who sailed the North Atlantic died in wrecks or explosions. Soon thereafter, the director of a British shipping line noted that the death rate was higher among the younger sailors. The theory of Outward Bound developed out of a notion that older seamen probably survived such catastrophes because they knew more and had faced some stress before; therefore young seamen should be "pre-stressed." (The curriculum of the first Outward Bound school at Aberdovey, Wales, included putting to sea in small, open boats and rock climbing.)

It sounds like a peculiarly British exercise—and it was—but like a number of very British exercises, Outward Bound was the brainchild of a German Jew. Kurt Hahn, who escaped from Germany in the thirties, was well equipped to make this contribution to British life. His theories worked, and the survival rate for Outward Bound seamen was as high as anyone had dared hope. After the war, the program was continued for more general purposes. Its motto, "To serve, to strive, and not to yield," a reworking of the Tennyson line, sounds as though its rhetoric might be kin to Kipling, John Buchan, or other exponents of wooly outdoor Tory training for the Great Game. But for a number of reasons (one of them Kurt Hahn) the institution, even in Great Britain, became as interested in altruism as individual self-reliance, as interested in developing a compassionate character as a stiff upper lip, a mensch as well as an officer of the thin red line.

When the Outward Bound program came to the United States in 1962, it made some understandable alliances with prep schools and colleges on the basis of its appeal to Tory virtue. But today it also receives the approval of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, of liberals and radi-

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John Casey is the author of a novel, An American Romance *(Atheneum, April 1977), which Pocket Books is reissuing in paperback this March.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALDEN WHITHAM

cals, and of people in the "human potential" movement. There are seven Outward Bound schools in the United States, and although they are administratively independent, the spirit is fairly uniform. Instructors migrate from school to school, and quite a few come from England, keeping the original spirit intact. The course I went through was administered by the Hurricane Island school (whose summer sphere of operations is off the Maine coast), and took place in the Mahoosuc range in western Maine. Although the standard Outward Bound program is 23–26 days long, there are a number of shorter ones. Mine lasted 11 days, and contained the three basic elements: "training expedition," "solo," and "final expedition."

The first day we gather in the cellar of the Sunday River Ski Touring Inn, temporary quarters for the winter program. We'd been told to bring wool clothes and a few odds and ends (flashlight, knife, sunglasses). Outward Bound provides everything else necessary for living outdoors for the next 11 days: boots, felt liners, snowshoes, skis, sleeping bags, tents, parkas, rain gear, chamois face-masks, pots and pans, wood saw, snow saw, food, and frame packs. . . .

We arrive at the bottom of the Sunday River ski area, where downhill skiers flit past us in a rainbow of polyester stretch pants and jackets. They gawk at us, Sad Sacks in baggy woolies, and we are anxious to disappear into the woods. The packs are so heavy (40–60 pounds) and awkward that we have to help each other strap them on. Finally we start floundering up the slope on snowshoes.

Our instructor, Chris, mumbles that we shouldn't mind—this bit is always somewhat embarrassing, this lurching off in a clatter of pots, pans and tent poles in front of an amused crowd. But we try not to stop for breath until we're out of sight. Chris and the two young women lead the way, followed by the four men. Alex, the assistant instructor, brings up the rear and has the busiest time. Everyone falls at least once, but the most spectacular predicaments occur right in front of him: One of the men catches his skis on an overhead branch and is yanked off the trail into the deep snow. As he tries to push himself up, his hands are driven through the crust by his full-pack weight. Now the guy can't move. His arms are up to the armpits in snow, his upper body is pinned by his pack, and his snowshoes are stuck. . . .

It is probably about a three-hour hike, but it seems longer, and for several of the students this first afternoon is the worst leg of the trip. Lisa puts on her pack and is horrified; it feels as big as she. She is sure that if she falls behind she'll give up, so she hustles along to the front and stays there, trying not to think about how long this is going to last. Everyone is in pretty good shape though, and the group is small enough that the rhythm of snowshoeing and ski-touring becomes contagious.

At first these minor chores seem innumerable and alarmingly tedious. Ten days of fussing when we'd come to scale mountains!

. . . That first night we sleep in the two tents. The wind picks up. At one point I wake up and lie on my back, contemplating the no-color glow of the tent roof. I'm quite happy until I realize that I have to piss, a maneuver that involves unzipping inner and outer sleeping bags, thawing my boots, unzipping the tent door, and crawling out carefully onto my showshoes lest I sink in the drifts. Meanwhile, it's snowing again . . . a strangely beautiful night. . . . But uppermost in my mind is the prosaic resolution never again to drink four cups of soup at supper.

For the first two days, everyone is busy with this kind of adjustment. There is the choice between sleeping with your boots between your inner and outer bag (lumpy), or taking them into your inner bag for a shorter thaw in the morning; fiddlings with snowshoe bindings, ski bindings, gaiters, pack straps; brushing off snow before it melts into your clothes from your body heat; minimizing sweating by a constant striptease as you warm up. At first these minor chores seem innumerable and alarmingly tedious. Ten days of fussing about finger-size details when we'd come to scale mountains! But details soon become intelligible, and finally automatic.

Chris and Alex are good at conveying a very simple sketch of what is crucial to the body when its temperature is at odds with the air by 70–100 degrees, and give us three basic rules: 1. EAT. We each eat about 5,000–6,000 calories a day: seeds, nuts, root vegetables, peanut-butter chocolate cups, fat meat and cocoa. (With the exertion and cold I burn up five pounds in ten days; and toward the end of the expedition you could stand next to someone and feel the heat radiating.) 2. DRINK. You need at least ten cups of liquid a day to digest all this food, and dehydrated bodies lose heat too easily to stay warm. 3. DON'T GET COLD. Well, uh, sure, chief. But it turns out that cold is subtler than your ordinary sensations. And once you get *really* cold you tend to do less about it. So you keep checking.

The morning of the second day we set off on skis. Those familiar with downhill skiing soon learn to skate and step-turn rather than christie, to kick and glide on the flat. It is a pleasant jaunt after the heavyweight slog on snowshoes. After lunch we get out our maps. Chris gives us a little chat on where we are, what we can see around us, and what it looks like on the map.

"Right," he says rather suddenly. "I'll meet you there." He points to a spot on the map, well guarded by serried contour lines that mean steep and, in this case, *up*.

"At that notch there?"

"Yes, I guess that's it. You call it a notch do you? Saddle, col, notch, whatever. In Scotland they call it a *bilach*." (One of the nice quirks of Outward Bound pedagogy is the way it undercuts the notion that naming things gives you any power. You can pronounce *glissade* or *cwm* correctly and still be useless at getting anywhere.)

We watch Chris winkle off through the trees. Alex waves goodbye; then we put on our skis and set out for Jordan Notch. At first the mohair strips on our ski bottoms keep us from sliding backward, but soon we have to herringbone, proceed in long traverses, and finally side-step up the steepest parts. An ABC of uphill skiing. At the top we come upon Chris, who offers us a thermos of cocoa for our afternoon's effort.

After ABC there is D. For Down. It's one thing to ski down an open, packed slope with steel-edged skis snapped onto rigid boots. It's another to make your way down a wooded, gullied, deep-snow hillside with soft boots loosely attached to spindly skis and a framepack jutting a half-foot over your head (with spare clothes and a sleeping bag in case we get lost or injured and have to spend the night out). Because just when you think you've nearly whisked under a branch on a long traverse, you hear a *thwonk* behind your ear and are simultaneously dumped. It isn't painful—the snow is deep, your skis twist off easily—it's like being thrown in judo by a kindly old black-belt. But, after the steepest part of the climb, it's a great pleasure to chart several long zigzags, to glide along, dancing through the birch and spruce in a slow waltz. At least for some of us. Lon, our Texan, is okay on snowshoes, but he regards his skinny skis with a distrust close to loathing. On this descent he breaks one of them. David, moodily lagging behind and keeping Lon company, loans Lon one of his skis and finishes off the hill on the other. . . .

We have a long move the next day, so we get up at dawn. Everyone is doing something. If one of us appears puzzled about disassembling a tent joint someone else stops cleaning a pot and solves the problem. We've become an efficient group, and during the first part of the

Views like these make a rigorous climb worth every minute.

Day 1:
Chris & Marcy
breakfast "al fresco."

Setting out on snowshoe,
we forge through the woods.

Marcy & I try to decide
which way is up.

Scooping water from a
stream beneath the snow.

day when we're snowshoeing there are no falls, no equipment coming loose, no unnecessary delays.

My pack is heavier (we've reorganized the loads), but it fits better, and when we complete the wooded leg and move onto a logging trail where we switch from snowshoes to skis I find I can glide even with the full pack. I can't stretch out in true cross-country style, in which every stride feels like a wing beat, but there is some reminder of grace. The trail rolls along with a view to the north of the higher hills we are going to tour, the sky is deep blue, there's a little new snow on top of a good crust, and breathing is like drinking from a spring. I imagine it would be pleasant to go on and on.

Lisa, who had to grit her teeth the first day, is now enjoying herself, and Lon is pushing himself some. When he was on skis his pack seemed to have an impish life of its own, shoving him forward, swaying him from side to side, then suddenly tilting him back. Lon doesn't fall often, but his progress is jerky and obviously tiring. Relying on will more than grace, he keeps up the pace.

By the afternoon there is general sagging of spirits, then rejoicing as we reach a long glide into the valley that is to be our next camp. Lon, Lisa and David are told that they have no tent for the night, so they get to work building a snow cave for themselves. The rest of us, freed from our packs, set out to explore the valley.

Later that afternoon, we return from a tour to Jake's Notch, an improved version of our Jordan Notch climb—longer, higher, steeper, more spectacularly beautiful, and on which we are noticeably handier at going up and down. On the way back, turned loose to stretch our legs, I make the mistake of going home flat out and sweating buckets. It feels so good that when I arrive at camp I wander off for more. By the time Marcy and Walden get back, I am still giddy enough to propose a rather grandiose igloo plan. We all agree on what our igloo should look like, and we are pretty good at cutting snow blocks. We work like beavers and, just as the sun touches the top of the mountain to the west, we finish a good-sized base. We're wet and tired. My buckskin mittens are dripping yellow ooze, my pants are caked with snow from floundering around with the snow blocks. We begin to slant the blocks in more sharply until, blocks now at shoulder height, everything caves in!

"Shit," Marcy and I say at once but without much spirit. We poke at the wreck, looking at the setting sun.

"Oh well," Walden says. "Nome wasn't built in a day."

Walden points out that we have dug a fair-sized hole in a part of the snow drift from which we've extracted some of our snow blocks, so we put sticks across the top, saw off the crusty parts of our blocks and use them as roof tiles. By then it's dark. We chink the spaces between the tiles and crawl in. The shelter is too narrow and too low, and the entrance is a downward shaft, unlike your better igloos that have tunnels running down, *then* back *up*, to keep loose snow out and to trap cold air. But our hovel, despite its drawbacks, *is* amazingly warm. Walden and Marcy feel so good that they go for a ski in the light of the full moon. I go into our cave and dig away at the sides to widen it. After a while I realize I'm risking another cave-in, and I'm so tired I've become clumsy. My energy and spirits are low.

Solo isn't a bad word for this part of the expedition, especially if you take solo in the musical sense more than in the aerial-heroic.

I once had a wonderful time by myself for four September days on a tiny island off the Maine coast, daydreaming, gathering rose hips, sea-urchin roe and mussels, and sleeping under a spruce tree. This is to be a shorter solo, but the question of shelter is more pressing. When Chris and Alex leave me in my patch of woods some time in the early morning, Chris mentions that there is a snow storm coming, probably by evening. I am only a mile or so from camp, but my feeling is (and is meant to be) one of more distant isolation.

I stand still a while. There's no wind, no movement, just a lovely, silent, gray day with a touch of color from the young birch branches. I startle myself clearing my throat. I ski around, looking for a place to build my shelter and am lucky to find a large fallen tree where the snow is more than four feet deep at the thick end of its trunk.

I pack the snow and set to digging with my snowshoe. Soon I'm warm enough to strip down to a single shirt, and by the time I'm hungry for lunch the hole is dug. I eat a cracker, half of my carrot, and drink a half-canteen of water.

After lunch I pack the floor and walls and go out on snowshoes to find sticks long enough and strong enough to support the roof. I brace a lodgepole against a root of my uprooted tree and the back wall of my hole. I put cross sticks every six inches. I pack a path to a nearby drift and cut out blocks of snow with the butt of my ski, taking much longer than I'd expected, until my buckskin mittens again ooze yellow water. When I begin to tile the middle of the

Freeze Frame: Your Camera & Cold Weather

Most cameras in good working condition should function at temperatures down to 0°F without any special winterizing, but when camera equipment goes from warm to cold (or vice versa), several problems may arise. Snow melts when it comes in contact with a warm camera and, as the camera cools, turns into a veneer of ice. It is wise, therefore, to cool the camera before bringing it out-of-doors, and to keep it covered while it becomes acclimatized. If snow does get on your camera, brush it off, don't blow it off—your breath may melt the snow and precipitate its transformation into . . . you got it . . . ice. By the same token, when you bring equipment indoors after being out in the cold, you may have a problem with condensation. To avoid this, put the camera in an airtight plastic bag while you're still outdoors, so the water will condense harmlessly on the outside of the plastic bag.

Film is much more of a problem than your camera. It becomes brittle in cold weather so it is necessary to load the camera very carefully and advance the film slowly to prevent it from breaking. Static electricity, often present in cold dry air, can put chicken tracks on your film, rendering it useless; again the solution is slow, careful loading. Finally, film speed and color can fluctuate in cold weather. To compensate, shoot plenty of film and "bracket" your exposures. This should insure at least some of the pictures. *

*Adapted from *The Cold Weather Catalog*. Copyright © 1977, by Tree Communications, Inc., published by Dolphin Books/Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Brrrrr: The Wind Chill Factor

The "wind chill factor" that you're given on your local weather report is based on a set of complex equations that represents the loss of body heat caused by wind replacing warm air around the body with cold air—usually 1°F per each additional m.p.h. of wind. If, for example, the temperature is 1°F, and the wind is 10 m.p.h., you'll get as cold as you would on a calm day at −10°F.

Rather than wasting time with the math, your best bet is to always dress a little warmer than the temperature alone would indicate. Wear enough warm clothes to keep the wind out; but wear loose *layers* so that perspiration (which aggravates wind chill) can evaporate. *

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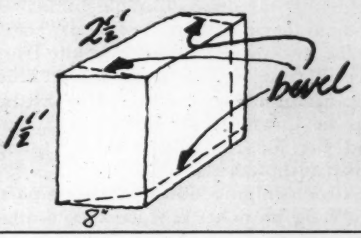
How To Build An Igloo

1. Find snow that is compact and, if possible, from one snowfall. (Crusty, layered snow will crumble when you begin to cut blocks.) If the snow is loose, tamp it down yourself with your skis or snowshoes until it is firm enough so that your foot sinks very little when you stand on it *without* skis or snowshoes. Allow it to "set" a few minutes more before cutting.

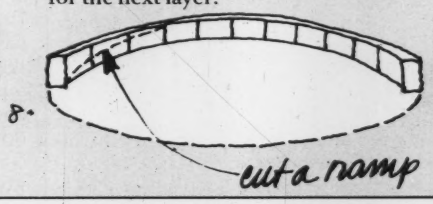
2. Draw a circle with an 8′ – 9′ diameter in the snow. This will be the groundplan for an igloo large enough for four people, but not too large to build successfully.



3. Starting *inside* the circle, cut blocks for the igloo walls, using a kitchen knife or a cake cutter. Make the blocks 2.5′×1.5′×8″. Bevel each block on the bottom so that it will lean in and begin to form the final dome, and on each side so that it will be held in place by the next block.

4. Following the line of the circumference, place the first row of blocks, chinking in the spaces as you go. (One person should work from inside, while another puts the blocks in place.)

5. When the first row is firmly in place, make a diagonal cut across the first three blocks, thus forming a ramp for the next layer.

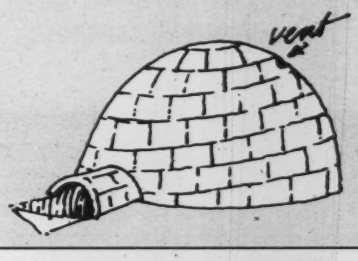


6. Place the first block of the second layer at the bottom of this "ramp" and continue the igloo in a spiral, chinking as you go.

7. When the dome is completed, smooth the surface with loose snow.

8. Dig an entrance tunnel under the wall and perpendicular to the prevailing wind. Cover it with a small arc.

9. Punch a vent hole in the roof opposite the entrance. Now the entrance may be partially blocked. If you light a stove or fire, you should increase ventilation through entrance and vent. *



roof my skis come in handy. I can serve the tiles up on the ski tails, and slide them into place without having to lean on the roof. Once the major tiles are in place, I have another cracker, some raisins and the last of the water, which is just beginning to ice up. I crawl into my shelter and look at the roof. Still a lot of holes. I slap snow over the holes, and it melts enough in my mittened hands to bond well. I move my pack inside. Very roomy. And, after a moment, very warm. In fact, it is such a pleasant spot I begin to imagine that something else might be wintering in the cozy space under the tree trunk. I take my ski pole and poke around. Not large enough for a bear, but perhaps large enough for a porcupine.

I gather twigs for my stove (a #10 can with holes punched around the bottom) and light a fire. I fill my pot (a #10 can without holes) with snow and put it on the stove. After it boils, I dump in a handful of rice, the other carrot half, my one onion and my one potato, and a few bouillon cubes. It begins to snow, and when it's clear that the snow isn't coming through the roof, but is in fact building up on it, I feel smugly snug. Then comes a sudden depression. I begin to shiver from the cold for the first time on the trip. I know I should bestir myself, so I reheat the pot of soup and finish it off, warming my hands on the can of embers. I put on wool tights, dry socks and a sweater. Much better. I open an olive drab tin marked Chocolate Nut Roll. It may be Army issue, but it's delicious. With an effort of will I eat only half. Thus cheered, I go to bed.

The next day passes in a lovely waking dreaminess I'd forgotten could exist. It has snowed six inches, and the weather keeps changing: placid white turns gusty blue and gray; two hours of sunshine, then a sudden dark wind-spitting snow, then a quiet gray and yellow twilight. I whittle a spoon, make a few notes, melt snow and, when the sun comes out, take off my clothes, scrub myself with a snowball, and dance around on my snowshoes. I am spending the day in a way that later reminds me of Thoreau's phrase—dreaming on the doorstep.

I feel a pang of melancholy at twilight, but I go for a stroll on snowshoes through the bright dusk of the open forest, filling my pockets with yellow birchbark and enjoying the sight of the white birches that are now luminous against the field of snow. The moon rises with a sudden smooth gesture. The Big Dipper shines over the hill to the north, Orion appears through the trees to the south. Powerful serenity.

The next morning, dawn breaks undecided between soft blue and nasty white. There is another dusting of snow. I decide to sleep until this question of color is resolved, but Alex arrives to roust me out of hibernation.

We all run into each other on the main logging trail back to camp and feel a pop of energy. We roll into camp where Alex has already started a fire. He produces an apple and an orange for each of us and a bucket of cocoa, and we gab away. We've had almost hour-for-hour parallel experiences, with only a few variations of comfort or worry. We've heard the same owl and, when the sun has shone, we've all worshipped it in the same manic way. Far across the valley from me, Walden has also pranced around in a sun dance. Our present high spirits are not, as one might suppose, signs of relief. Everyone has spent time thinking about the others, and there is a clear increase in sympathetic tenderness, a feeling as important to the final leg of the trek as our increased competence or strength.

There is something of a bluff in the Outward Bound description of the "final expedition." Chris gives the official formula: "It's all up to you now, I'm just one of the party." But his heart is set on Old Speck, hardly a major peak—4,200 feet including a squat fire tower—but a challenge nonetheless. (The closest any Outward Bound group ever came was a quarter mile from the top.) We find it inspiring, however, that Chris, obviously an experienced climber (and author of *A Rockclimber's Guide to the Crags of Kenya*), is so eager for us to make it.

It takes us a few days to move up to the notch from which we will climb, and we spend some time scouting a route around a smaller mountain which is in the way. We learn a few more snowshoe moves so that we can lope along with some style on easy traverses.

The day of the climb we get up at four a.m. because we will have to turn back at two in the afternoon. We set off with a steady burn of energy. Once past our scouted trail we switch trail-breakers more and more frequently, but we never stop as a group. Near the top there is a section so steep that we have to kick holes in the snow with our snowshoe tips and climb as though we're going up a ladder. It is a little like rockclimbing—we work hard for each step up. Then there is a more gentle slope. We're no longer scrambling, just shuffling along through head-high trees that glitter

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with hoar frost. Some of the trees are laced together with frost arches on which there is an even more delicate frost that falls in glitters as we brush past.

Another slope up. The trees thin even more, and the frost and snow are so bright we put on sunglasses. Now we feel the north wind. We tuck in our chins until, one after another, we see the fire tower. Our crowing is carried off by the wind.

We stay long enough to drink a thermos of hot grape juice and take a look from the tower. My fingers are so cold I can't get my snowshoes off. My wet mittens stiffen in the wind, but the satisfaction squares any effort or chill. The frost garden is an unaccountable bonus—a brilliant, eerie delight. As we start back, I take my sunglasses off to let the frost trees flare up against the scorched blue sky. Enough. Even before we're off the top we unwind with aimless trail chat and the loose-muscle relief of going down in snowshoes.

After swinging down the steep part, grabbing branches as if we were orangutangs with webbed feet, we lope and straggle apart along the trail. It's pleasant to be almost alone in the dark green woods—tired but warmed up again, a little dazed, the inner eye still dazzled. I find myself humming, "We are climbing Jacob's Ladder."

The next day we climb Sunday River Whitecap in the morning. A piece of cake. Stoked with combustible energy, we have a snowball fight back in camp. Then we pack up and hike to our final campsite, near Screw Auger Falls, where we will be picked up the next morning.

Around the last campfire we hold a debriefing. These sessions can be a little bristly, but we are mostly good will and praise. We agree that there had been moments when we had to gather our strength or our wits, but no one ever had to be coaxed out of despair. Or, as Lisa says, "I was sure I could put up with almost anything for ten days." I realize that we caught on fairly quickly how much our own well-being was framed by a harsh environment; that a group of eight can keep warm, but one person alone can get very cold; that it takes four times longer to build a shelter alone than with one other person; and that if you're skiing or snowshoeing by yourself you're always breaking trail. And these are only the most obvious lessons.

The conversation does bring out some funny confessions. There is admiration for Lisa and Marcy, who've turned out to be Valkyries. Lisa thinks the older people turned out okay. She says to me, "When I first saw you back at the inn before we started—you know, you sitting there smoking your pipe and reading Thomas Hardy—I couldn't imagine you coming along and being any

fun. Then I thought, well, give him a chance—he's no older than Robert Redford."

I ask Chris if he's interested in more serious expeditions. He says he intends to explore some lava caves in Ruanda, but he's happy leading Outward Bound courses: "Not all the courses are as pleasant as this one, but I usually finish them feeling good. Feeling quite fit, among other things. I haven't been strained this trip—nor have you, I imagine—but on serious expeditions you sometimes have to struggle to get through, and you end up pretty worn down. Once every year or so is fine. But I'm quite happy spending most of the year like this."

We talk about high points and low points and a few odd points, such as the day the toilet paper got wet and we had to use snow balls. (Not as bad as you'd expect.)

Lon asks if the way he'd seen us these past 11 days is the way we really are. "Sure," Marcy answers. "The Marcy you see is the Marcy you get." Lon gives the most interesting reply. He'd run for Congress, worked as a speechwriter in Washington, and now was going back to Dallas as a lawyer. He says, "I am ambitious. But it's sometimes hard to be thought of as ambitious. After I got hired by this law firm I noticed there were no black people. I asked for a black secretary. It's not much, but it just came up . . . An old friend of mine said, 'Shrewd move, Lon.' And I thought, Goddamn, I thought he knew me. Now, on this trip of ours I wasn't the young executive. I wasn't expected to be, and we didn't need it. So it wasn't that I was being different, it's that the situation was different in a way I needed . . ."

Many people on Outward Bound trips discover the pleasant efficiency of anarchy, but there is, of course, a need for competence. By the same token, competence one acquires on an Outward Bound expedition is self-motivated rather than enforced by authority. And there is even more voluntary good will (giving the Reese's Peanut Butter Cup in your pocket to someone colder, getting up first to make breakfast, even just having a good time) than there is group response to executive rule.

So now, at the last campfire, while I list as my high points items of natural beauty, I also mention a social observation I made late in the trip. I came back into camp dragging a small dead tree for firewood, and suddenly I saw this randomly assembled group as a tribe—a little peaceful tribe of wood gatherers, fire makers, soup brewers, snowshoe menders and igloo builders. What would have appeared to a movie camera as leaderless, aimless fussing, I could see was order.

Perhaps that order is part of natural beauty after all. ●

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You Are There

The latest self-help craze traces your problems and phobias to traumas that befell you in previous incarnations. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, through the magic of past-lives therapy

by Craig R. Waters

The little orange Pacer with "Ralph Grossi—Hypnosis Clinics—412-621-3100" painted on its side barreled along Route 7 towards Wheeling, West Virginia. Inside were Grossi, a pale Ernie Kovacs lookalike, Eleanor Marcus, his assistant, Biffie, his dog and traveling companion, and myself. Grossi is to hypnotherapy what Colonel Sanders is to chicken.

He operates 10 clinics in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia and is one of the principal disciples of a new technique known as past-lives therapy. Traditional hypnotherapists may regress their patients to childhood or into the womb, but Grossi regresses *his* back through time into former lives.

"I'm sure that it's some form of incarnation," Grossi told me. "I've regressed more than 6,000 people into former lives—the experience has sure made a great believer out of me.

"Some of my patients *really* live it. One woman went back to a lifetime in the South and began speaking in a thick drawl." Grossi's deep, dark voice climbed to a shrill falsetto: "'If you don't take me to Atlanta, Henry, I'm going to have that baby right here!'"

Grossi had been talking nonstop for more than 30 minutes. Eleanor, a dark-haired woman whose face had been etched by hardship, nodded affirmatively throughout the monologue, adding a "That's so" or "That really happened" when called upon to do so. Grossi was coming from a session in Steubenville, but was already half an hour late for one in Wheeling.

He was doing 70, but his CB and Radar Sentry were switched on. "These clinics are my livelihood," he explained. "I can't afford to get too many tickets."

Finally, Route 7 turned east and crossed over the Ohio River; "Welcome to Wild, Wonderful West Virginia," a sign on the bridge proclaimed.

Tonight, Grossi would hypnotize 22 people and rant about their eating and smoking habits; then, when he was through, he would regress one of them, Mrs. Shirley Riser, into a former life. It was an impressive finish, a finale which left his patients amazed and wanting more . . . and, if they wanted more, it would of course cost a little bit extra—weight loss and quitting smoking cost $59 for four sessions, but past-lives therapy went for $75 a shot.

The room, incredibly, was the best that the McLure House in downtown Wheeling had to offer—a large crypt with cracked-eggshell paint and an avocado carpet shorn of pile. Grossi's patients—dowdy, middle-aged and lower-middle-class women, for the most part—sat in old chairs at the edge of the room. Grossi weighed each of them in, then went into his spiel.

He took off his jacket—half of a pale green, polyester leisure suit—unveiling a silk shirt which looked like an explosion in a paint factory, and began pacing about the room. "Push your hands together as hard as you can," he told his eager subjects. "When I count to three, your hands are going to be stuck together. One-two-three!—your hands are stuck; you can't get them apart no matter how you try."

Now, I had been hypnotized before, and I had seen other hypnotists work, and Grossi was definitely of the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am brand. "Go along with me—the more you do, the more I can help you," he encouraged . . . and his patients obliged. They sprinted through his relaxation exercises, listened attentively as he galloped through his rote presentation.

"The reason you're here, the most important reason in your life—to lose weight. Really, really important . . . " Grossi's warm baritone was charged with energy; he sounded like an evangelist warming to hellfire and damnation. "God didn't create you to be fat!" he exhorted. "Listen to me, and you'll thank God that you listened to me, and, hey! God will help you."

Thou Shalt Not Be Pudgy was obviously Grossi's 11th Commandment. Fat was ugly, unhealthy, as repugnant to righteous people as sex with a Mouseketeer. Grossi's indignation would have prompted a starving man to diet.

Finally, the spiel concluded; Grossi ended the session for all of his patients except one. Shirley Riser sat in a corner, her eyes still closed, going deeper into trance at Grossi's direction. She was a short, awkwardly attractive young woman—your run-of-the-mill housewife, hairdresser and mother. Grossi had helped her lose 115 pounds; then, searching for the source of her chronic migraine headaches, he had regressed her to a former life.

The results had solved several long-running mysteries.

"I always thought, in my body, that I was something other than what I am," Mrs. Riser would tell me later. "I mean . . . I can't even tell you this part because it isn't going to sound right." She began to giggle nervously and blushed. "I'm extremely shy," she said. "When I go to bed . . . with, y'know, my husband, I have to have all the lights out, and I cover my head—I go under

In this life, Craig Waters is a journalist living in Massachusetts. His last piece for NEW TIMES was on the Renaissance Church.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS WARD KELLEY

the covers with my head. It's terrible.

"And I see things during it—y'know? Like I've always seen cowboys. I'd see brass beds, or I'd see furs, or cowboy clothes. What I was seeing was generally a lot better than what was going on. Once I saw a cowboy who wouldn't even take his hat off . . . I know it sounds crazy," she laughed in exasperation, "but I'm *serious*."

But now, Grossi was once more guiding her back through the years. "Back, back, back to Jessie," he intoned. "Back to Jessie . . . Alright. Jessie, are you at the bar?"

There was a pause. Mrs. Riser sat quietly, her head hanging forward, her hands lying loosely in her lap; thick blond hair fell across her face. Then, from beneath the curls, came a sweet, young voice. "Yes," she said.

"What's the name of the bar you work for?" Grossi asked.

"The Cheyenne Saloon."

"The Cheyenne Saloon? And she's a bar girl," Grossi explained, "and she entertains the men. And for all this work she does, and I don't want to laugh at it . . . she makes a dollar a week. Right?"

"Right," Jessie replied.

"Okay. Just to bring us up to date—what year is this, Jessie?"

"Uh . . . 1877."

"Uh-huh. Where are you at; where is this place?"

"In Cheyenne, Wyoming."

For the next half hour, Mrs. Shirley Riser, a 30-year-old housewife from Martins Ferry, Ohio, proceeded to describe the life and times of one Jessica Ann Andrews, a bar girl who had lived 100 years ago. The richly detailed account, replete with embarrassed laughter and anguished tears, was strangely compelling; it had an emotional and dramatic validity which blurred the issue of historic authenticity.

Jessie, she said, had been born to Jared and Anna Bishop Andrews, farmers who lived near Cheyenne, on April 1, 1860. ("The land was rough . . . dry and cold in the winter, pretty in the summer—wildflowers, pretty hills.") Had lost her parents in 1865. ("I was in the field . . . and, when I looked towards the house, it was burning. Everybody was dead—I think the Indians did it . . . Mr. and Mrs. Martin raised me because I ran to their house. It was far away—far from our house—but I ran to them; it was the nearest people.") And, when her young lover was killed, had begun entertaining men in a saloon; then, in 1882, Jessie had died. ("I was shot in the head. They had a fight—there was always a fight—and somebody shot, and they killed me. The bullet went through my right side, out the left side. It was just real hot—there wasn't any pain, just hot . . . And I died."

It was like watching a dream governed by the rules of coherence and logic

But, it was when she spoke about her lover that the drama became most convincing, that Jessie became most real. When he was mentioned, Mrs. Riser began kneading her hands; her voice grew weak and broke with emotion. His name, she said, was John Barre, and he had been killed with Custer at the Battle of Little Bighorn in June of 1876. Her face knotted with grief, and she gasped for air; hot tears washed down her cheeks.

"You still haven't gotten over it?" Grossi inquired.

"No," she said.

The word seemed a pathetic, lost cry.

Finally, when his subject was beyond exhaustion, Grossi ended the trance. "Don't hold onto that life," he suggested. "That life is gone—no more headaches. And be happy; work at being happy . . . I'll count to three and wake you up, and you'll feel pep and energy, and you'll feel so much better—really great now. One-two-three—wake up!"

Shirley Riser took a deep breath and opened her eyes; they were still swollen with Jessie's crying.

Later, while Grossi worked with his smoking patients, I asked Mrs. Riser if she really believed that she was the reincarnation of Jessica Ann Andrews.

"Oh, yes," she replied quickly, without thinking, "because, every so often, I find myself wanting to be like that—wanting to be Jessica again."

It was an interesting observation, but unimpressive evidence. I was more impressed by the coherent narrative and emotional quality—the subjective "ring of truth"—of Jessie's story; I doubted that Shirley Riser was imaginative enough, or talented enough, to bring such a fiction to life. But I was even more impressed when, a few days later, I learned that a Private John Barry, of Company I, 7th U.S. Cavalry, had died at the Battle of Little Bighorn on June 25, 1876.

Later that evening, after another weight-loss clinic at a motel in Washington, Pennsylvania, Grossi "regressed" me to the life of a prehistoric shepherd. The trance he induced was virtually nonexistent, and my comments seemed more the product of his insistent questions and "Go along with me" entreaties than of real observations on my part. If I had paid $75 for the session, I would have asked for my money back—and might have written off this "science" too soon.

This, then, was the free enterprise vanguard of the psychological hula hoop known as past-lives therapy. Bioenergetics, birthing, Silva Mind Control, TM, biofeedback, Arica, Rolfing and est had not proven equal to America's insatiable need for psychic liberation; a "New & Improved" faith was clearly indicated. Taking one leaf from Freudian analysis and another, perhaps, from *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, past-lives therapists assembled a system which viewed neuroses and psychosomatic illness as the scars of traumas suffered during previous lifetimes.

Jessie Andrews was shot in the head—ergo: Shirley Riser had migraine headaches. It was timeless cause-and-effect.

It was also a not unappealing notion. Past lives, it developed, were as accessible as the subconscious; causal events could be identified more casually since they need not—indeed *could not*—be verified. It was therapy without guilt, since whatever had been done, had been done by *somebody else*. Entertaining as good TV, it affirmed one's immortality. And it was a bit more—or less—productive than other disciplines.

Mrs. Riser *had* been cured of her headaches. That the treatment might be based on a fantasy did not seem particularly important.

The technique is now being used by a relatively small number of therapists, probably no more than two dozen. They range from psychiatrists, who use it as an adjunct to their standard procedures, to individuals such as Grossi, a self-taught hypnotist with mail-order degrees in religion and psychology. But a much larger number are experimenting with the phenomenon, and increasingly, nontherapists are toying with it as well. In some circles, reincarnation has replaced "Group Therapy" and "Man & Woman" as the party game of choice.

A belief in reincarnation is fundamental to many of the world's major religions: the theory holds that the soul is eternal, independent of the body, and that it perfects itself through the ordeal of repeated incarnations. Throughout history, there have been instances of persons (primarily children) vividly recalling the lives of those long dead; such cases have been studied for more than 200 years.

But it was not until the twentieth century that researchers realized that hypnosis could be used to exhume the details of a previous existence. Though tens of thousands of Americans have been regressed to "former lives," the best known, and perhaps most credible, case is still that of Virginia Tighe, a Colorado housewife who, in 1952, under hypnosis, took on the persona of one Bridey Murphy, a woman who had allegedly lived in Ireland from 1793 to 1864.

In his study of that case, the late C.J. Ducasse, former Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Brown University, noted that, while Bridey did not establish "a particularly strong case" for reincarnation, critics of the story had not succeeded "in disproving . . . the possibility that many of the statements of the Bridey personality are genuinely memories of an earlier life of Virginia Tighe . . . "

The available facts, he concluded, constituted "fairly strong evidence that, in the hypnotic trances . . . paranormal knowledge of one or another of several possible kinds . . . became manifest."

Dr. Ian Stevenson, Carlson Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Virginia, and the foremost investigator of cases "suggestive of reincarnation," is equally cautious of *data* derived under hypnosis. "The 'personalities' usually evoked . . . seem to comprise a mixture of several ingredients," he writes. "These may include the subject's current personality, his expectations of what he thinks the hypnotist wants, his fantasies of what he thinks his previous life ought to have been, and also perhaps elements derived paranormally."

But enthusiasts of past-lives therapy care only that it works, or, at least, that it appears to work . . . sometimes. By

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exposing and then discarding the psychic baggage of outgrown lives, they believe that they can solve some of the problems of this go-round. And, besides, it's fascinating!

After talking to Diane Swygard for 10 minutes, I began to suspect that I was dealing with a "crazy."

I had been told that Diane, a housewife from Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts (she has since moved to Florida), was adept at regressing people nonhypnotically, and had invited her to my home to demonstrate. She seemed normal enough at first glance—a rather plain young woman with short dark hair, delicate features, and a shy, unsettled quality. She and her husband, William, were students of the occult and had written several books about their work. Their principal discovery, she explained, was the "awareness technique" she would use to regress me.

But, when she began to talk about solar lords, planets populated by cats, and incarnations as Julius Caesar, I began to reconsider. Finally, I shelved my reservations, and we proceeded with the experiment.

Lying on the living room floor, I closed my eyes, relaxed as much as seemed prudent, and followed Diane's instructions. The Swygards believe that consciousness is not confined to the body, and, if directed, can travel through space and time—a process they call "running." The takeoff is facilitated by simple "awareness" exercises.

"I want you to stretch out through the bottoms of your feet—just a few inches, please," Diane instructed. "Don't stretch your feet—just stretch your consciousness through your feet. Tell me as soon as you've done that."

She refused to elaborate, and so, indulging her, I *imagined* my consciousness as an aura of blue-white light, and projected it a few inches beneath my feet. "Fine," she said. "Now, this time, stretch out through the top of your head"; I *imagined* a glowing blue-white crown. Soon I was expanding my consciousness to envelop my entire body, to fill the room; then I was told to project it outside the house.

It was then that I first became aware of contradictory impressions; though lying in a warm home, I sensed the cold, saw the blackness, and felt the bitter wind of the evening outside. I blamed an overactive imagination.

The exercises continued: Diane steered my consciousness up into the sky, had it change night into day, and finally, directed it to return to a prior life. "I want you to go way up, beyond the clouds," she said. " . . . And I want you, as you're coming back down, to go back in time. And, when you land, put your feet firmly, but gently, on the ground—back in a previous lifetime. . . Now you can start coming down, going back in time . . .

"Are your feet on the ground?" she asked after a while.

"Yes," I said.

"Okay, now what I want you to do," she explained, "is look out through the eyes and listen through the ears of the body that you had at that time . . . and the picture should grow. And, when you've done that, look down at your feet to provide a point of focus."

In my mind's eye, I looked down.

"I feel very stiff," I whispered. I had the feeling that I was becoming very stiff *back then*

And saw *something*! I had a distinct visual impression of two long, thin, dark brown limbs, pointed at the ends. It was a confusing image—I didn't understand it. A moment later, Diane asked me to step out of my *body* and describe it; instantly, I realized that what I had seen were the matching shoes and stockings of an Elizabethan costume.

I couldn't believe what my mind was doing!

Diane asked questions, and I responded. The answers drifted up from my subconscious as quickly, and as neatly, as corks popping up through water. I said that my name was John Williamson, that I lived in Gloucester, and that I owned ships which sailed from Bristol. I described my wedding to "Heather," and the arrival and unloading of my boats . . . in alarming detail.

It was a fascinating experience: like watching a dream governed by the rules of coherence and logic. I was acutely aware of odors, sounds, tastes and even textures—they were not physical sensations, but rather strong *impressions*; they seemed . . . like vivid memories.

When Diane asked what cargoes the ships carried, I answered immediately—"Furs from the New World, spices from Cathay." Even as I said it, I realized how phony it sounded; yet the words had come as effortlessly—as instinctively—as the syllables of my own name.

Finally, at Diane's suggestion, I described my death in 1593. "I have an impression of dying very suddenly, of being crushed to death accidentally by something very, very large . . . " I examined the inner experience more closely.

"There seems to be a huge stone wheel . . . There's a lot of timber—everything's made out of very, very large, heavy timbers. And there's this large gray stone that rolls around a track . . . but I have no idea what the gray stone . . . what it would do."

I hesitated, anxious to understand what I saw before proceeding, but Diane pressed on. "Okay," she said, "you've died and are no longer in the body—so tell me what happens next."

"I can see them pulling the body out," I told her. "Or attempting to pull the body out from underneath the stone wheel. My lower body, legs and one hand are underneath the wheel, and they're just smashed—there's nothing left of them; they're just crushed. And they pull at the shoulders and the one hand, but they can't do anything—the stone has to be moved first.

"My left hand is beneath the stone.

"They slide a large piece . . . a large, thin piece of wood under the body to keep it from falling apart—to keep the body together. They carry it to the front of the wharves; it's covered with a white cloth. They put it on the back of an open wagon and take it away.

"I can't imagine how a stone so large crept up on a person . . ." I brooded.

But then, suddenly, I *knew*! "My foot caught in something—a rope!"

I had been "running" for more than an hour but was still alert and eager to continue; Diane, however, requested a brief break. When we resumed, she showed me how to "run" myself—soon I

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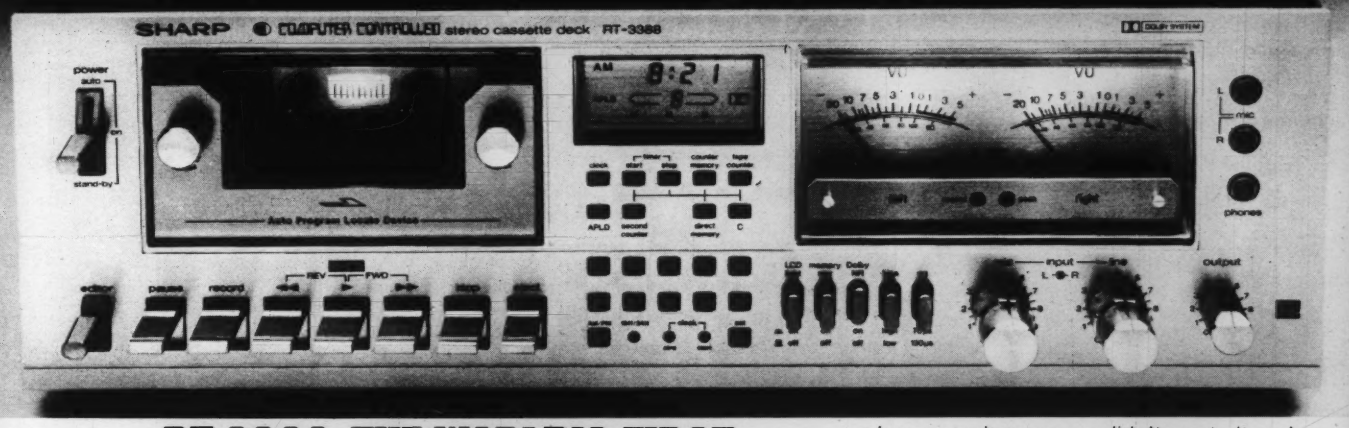

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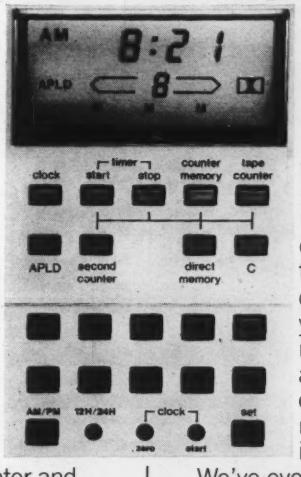

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ENDLESS WIRE

Gordon Lightfoot calls **Endless Wire**
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was deeply engrossed in an African incarnation:

I said that my name was Almalgi, that I lived in Central Africa and belonged to the Tzenti tribe and that I was murdered by a hunting companion when I was 26. . . . The "memories" went on and on, seemingly without limit.

The second experience was, if possible, more unsettling than the first. Before, I had felt like a spectator describing a vivid event; this time, I adopted an alien persona—my words took on new inflections; my answers were charged with strange emotions. When Diane asked if I were a man or a woman, I exploded with indignation: "I am a warrior!" I said.

Finally, at about 1:00 a.m., we ended the session.

It had been one of the most remarkable nights of my life. For nearly three hours, I had abandoned self and occupied the identities of two strangers; I had lived their lives, looked out at the world through their eyes. *Somehow*, I had been someone else.

Ralph Grossi and Diane Swygard believe in reincarnation . . . and their tests, conducted independently, without controls, follow-ups or any pretext of scientific method, are sacraments of their faith. Dr. Leo Alexander, past president of the Eastern Psychiatric Research Association and of the New England Society of Clinical Hypnosis, is an orthodox skeptic.

An age-regression experiment conducted by him, I was sure, would be a more objective, if less dramatic, test of the claims of past-lives therapy.

Alexander is everyone's image of a psychiatrist; he is 72, a short, brittle man with a coarse salt-and-pepper mustache, a fine remembrance of hair, and a charming Austrian accent. He has used hypnosis in his practice since 1928.

He hypnotized me on three occasions; each session took place in the office of his Newton, Massachusetts, home.

Unlike Grossi, Alexander worked slowly, methodically, carefully initiating and deepening my trance. I lay on a leather recliner, my eyes closed; he sat a few feet away. As he spoke, his false teeth clicked mechanically, snipping the warm monologue of his instructions into bite-size pieces.

The first session was a trial balloon, but, during the second, Alexander regressed me to an incident which had occurred when I was one and a half. Then he suggested that I go further back: "And now, let's slide a little back—further back in time . . . and get into the intrauterine state—get in your mother's womb."

His words were like a shotgun blast.

Something so unexpected, and so overwhelming, happened that, even now, I find it difficult to describe. It was as though my body were a mold, and someone had suddenly filled it with molten gold; I felt as strong as steel, as radiant as the sun. The experience was orgasmic, mind-obliterating; I had never felt *anything* so intensely.

I lay there, breathing powerfully, oblivious to Alexander's questions—it was only when he ended the trance that I could once more respond.

Jessie Andrews was shot in the head—ergo, Shirley Riser had migraine headaches. It was timeless cause-and-effect

"How do you feel? How do you feel?" he asked.

"Incredibly powerful," I replied. "Like a star about to burst."

"Incredibly powerful," he repeated. "Well, that is wonderful and very genuine because the early infant feels tremendously powerful. This is known as infantile omnipotence, and you've recaptured it very beautifully."

His expertise was reassuring. I had felt as though I were having a religious experience, but, he explained, it was merely a predictable psychological response: it even had a name of its own.

Alexander regressed me to an intrauterine state again at the beginning of our third session: though warned, I was nonetheless overwhelmed. This time my body snapped, uncontrollably, into a fetal position—thighs pressed against my chest, head hanging limply between my knees. My mouth fell open, and saliva ran from my lower lip; strangled cries came from my throat.

Before, with Diane Swygard, I had had *impressions* of physical sensations; now I was racked by the real thing. It was devastating. I was incredibly relieved when Alexander directed me further back—"Let something come into your rich memory from a previous incarnation," he suggested.

It seemed my chance for some undisturbed rest.

"And where are you?" he inquired.

For no reason at all . . . I started to say "Greece."

I was puzzled by my answer. I hadn't thought about the question—the word "Greece" had simply floated up from my subconscious. But then, suddenly, like an LSD user experiencing a flashback, I found myself "running" again—I was sitting at a desk, writing . . . and a dark-haired man entered the room.

The images had no sooner started than they ended, cut short by my grow-

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ing discomfort: I was getting stiff. The stiffness had begun in my feet, then spread to my ankles and calves; now my legs seemed as lifeless, as devoid of feeling, as those of a mannikin. It was a strange, but seductive, sensation; I found myself responding to *it* rather than Alexander's questions.

Inch by inch, the numbness engulfed my torso.

"How do you feel? How do you feel?" Alexander insisted; his voice sounded miles and years away.

"I feel very, very stiff," I whispered. "I was trying to think of something, trying to see something . . . and suddenly I had the feeling that I was becoming very, very stiff . . . I was becoming very stiff *back then*."

"Very stiff what?"

"Back then," I repeated, though I didn't understand what it meant.

Alexander began to bring me out of the trance, but, even as he counted backward from five, I lingered with the feeling, searching for its source, exploring for its meaning. My body, I realized with some apprehension, had grown rigid from forehead to toes.

"This," I thought, "is what rigor mortis must feel like."

Suddenly, as though the words were the key to an answer, a body appeared before me. Within the hypnotic trance, I saw the shoulders and head of a dead man. The body lay on a flat surface on its back—I seemed to view it in profile. The image held a strange fascination, and I examined it with care, as though this were the face of a friend I would never see again.

He was obviously very old. The flesh had wasted away until it provided little more than a modest covering for the obdurate bones; the eyelids were as fine, and as fragile, as tissue paper. The head was gaunt, hairless, and wreathed with liver spots. The face was hard—its soft contours devoured by age—with an aquiline nose as brittle as flint. The mouth . . . the mouth gaped open as though his final gasp for breath had frozen.

Alexander's voice barely reached me. "When I say three again . . ."

As I lay on the recliner, my mouth . . . fell open . . . my lips . . . formed that soundless, paralyzed "O"—became the lips that I saw. My mouth . . . was locked open . . . in remembrance of that agony.

With a cold shudder of fear, I realized that it was not someone else, but *I* who had died!

When the session was over, I admitted to Alexander that I had felt rather foolish lying on his couch, my mouth gaping, hanging open like that of a dead man.

"Your mouth wasn't open," he told me.

"No, it was," I corrected him. "As you were counting backward from five, my mouth fell open, and seemed to lock in that position."

"No, it didn't," he persisted.

"Were you looking at me?" I asked.

"You had mentioned that you were stiff, and I was concerned about that," he said. "As I woke you up, I was watching for signs of the stiffness."

With a cold shudder of fear, I realized that it was not someone else, but *I* who had died

"But I know . . . " I stammered. "I was positive that my mouth was open. I was lying there, and my mouth was open . . . And I was thinking, 'I must look rather silly . . . '"

"You were reliving a vivid *memory*," Dr. Alexander explained.

This time, his expertise did not reassure me.

Past-lives therapy has its champions and its debunkers, but the simple fact of the matter is that no one knows what or why it is; there are only a variety of experts with a variety of theories. Most members of the medical community view it skeptically, but a few who have seen it in action boost it as "the therapy of the future." Unfortunately, neither camp has much evidence to support its position.

Little research has been done, and that which has been conducted is fragmentary and frequently bad.

Studying the phenomenon of past lives is not unlike studying the Loch Ness monster: periodically, something strange floats up from the subconscious . . . but the psychic loch is deep and dark and filled with millions of somethings. Identifying each one, tracing it to its source, and determining its likely effect seems an impossible chore.

But there is no doubt that *something* is there.

There *was* a Private John Barry in Custer's army—a fact Mrs. Riser was unlikely to know. Bristol *was* a seaport which engaged in trade with the "New World" and "Cathay" as early as the sixteenth century—facts I do not recall ever learning. But where Jessie's tears or John Williamson's information came from . . . .

There are no answers—only theories.

Dr. Stevenson, who has studied cases of alleged reincarnation for more than 20 years, suggests a number of alternative explanations:

Cryptomnesia refers to the known ability of the subconscious mind to record data ignored or soon forgotten by the conscious mind; during hypnosis, such information may arise miraculously—a person might, for instance, recall a few phrases of Sanskrit briefly glimpsed in a book 30 years before;

The theory of genetic engineering holds that the DNA molecule may encode not only the biological details of one's ancestors, but their historic experiences as well. Its proponents contend that the genes which carry information about the shape of a man's nose to his grandson might also transmit some record of his memory. If so, one's body is a largely unread *Roots*-like opus describing every leaf and branch of one's family tree;

The ESP and personation hypotheses suggest that, while hypnotized, a person enters into telepathic communication with a second party, and thus obtains information about someone deceased; then, like an actor assuming a role, the subject adopts that identity as his own. Finally, the psychic individual might glean details of a dead person's life by touching something the person once owned, a technique known as psychometry.

These explanations are as mind-boggling as the idea of reincarnation.

Dr. Helen Wambach, a clinical psychologist from Walnut Creek, California, has spent the past five years studying "past lives" recalled during hypnosis. "I checked a total of 27 variables on my 800 cases," she explained, "and found that I couldn't disprove that these were past lives; everything that I checked corresponded with past reality rather than with popular fantasies."

But she noted that she had not *proven* past lives either. "I don't want to close any option," she said.

"It could be that when we're in an altered state of consciousness, we can tune in to Jung's collective unconscious and pull out impressions, memories and feelings that were experienced by someone else.

"Maybe all of the radio programs ever broadcast are still waving about in the quantum universe, and maybe all of the emotions and lives experienced are waving around there too."

Or maybe it has something to do with sunspots. Or liver spots. Or planets populated by cats and solar lords. I don't know. I do know that the past-lives experience—whatever it is, whatever its source—is real; and that it can be entertaining, dramatic, physically and emotionally overwhelming . . . and quite frightening. For the moment, my interest in what I was *back then* has been sated; now I'm more curious to find out what I'm supposed to be this time around.

But if I ever have a migraine headache, or begin fantasizing about naked cowboys, I'll take two aspirin and go back 100 years. ●

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Ask Two Fingers what was the best tequila.

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The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

At that point Two Fingers would clam up. No one ever found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

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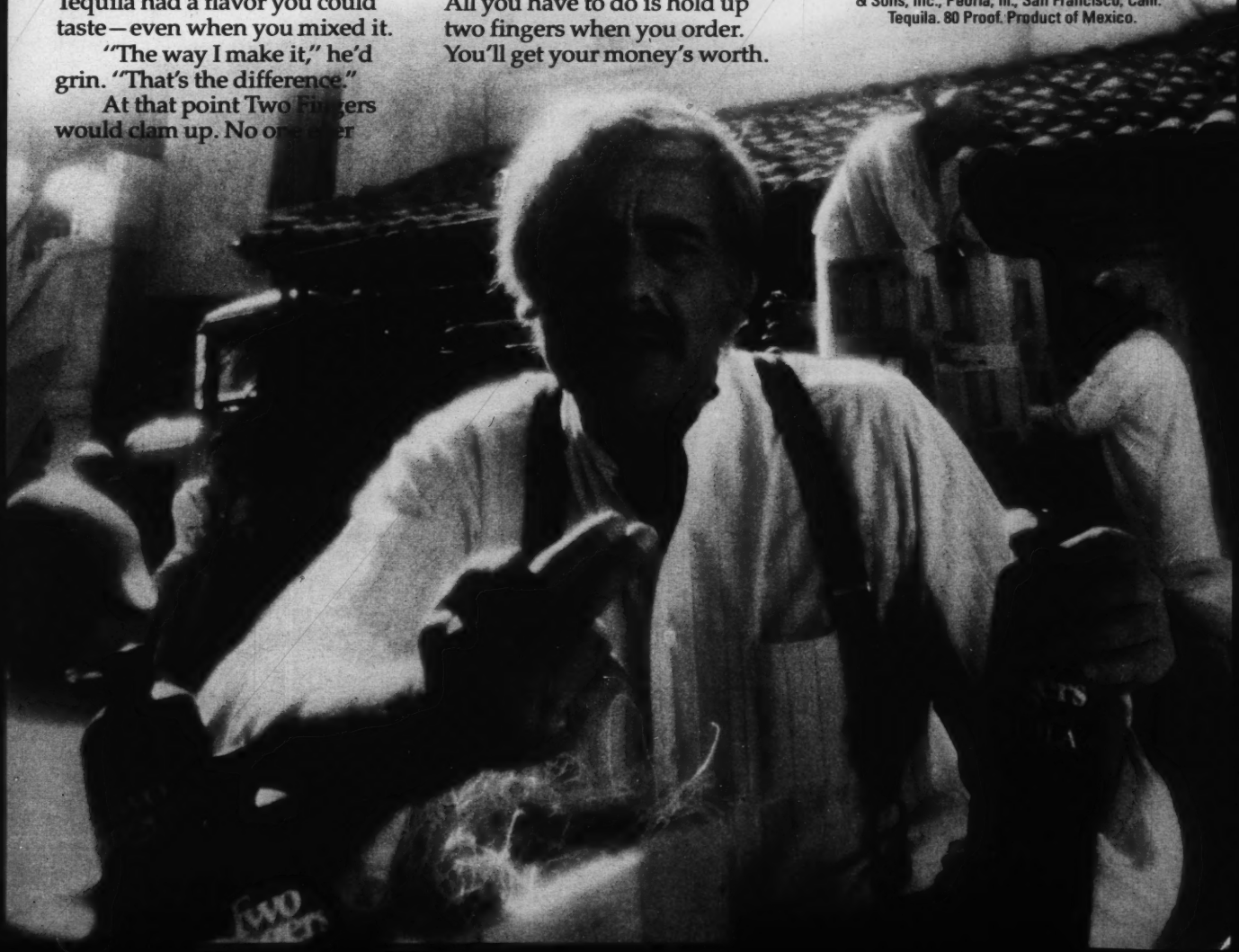

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WAYLON AND WILLIE GO TO A PARTY

We are in the Rainbow Room—truly, Manhattan is aglitter beneath our very toes; it's lovely—and to all outward appearances the scene around us would seem to be a "thank you" party for successful young garment salesmen and their dates. But the event is in fact an RCA Records promo party—product package, The Outlaws II. The food is fantastic.

But watch out. Here, moving fast, comes Neil Reshen. Neil is the manager of Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson, authors of the product package *Waylon & Willie* (RCA AFLI 2686), and his personality is suggestive of Boris Karloff on bad street speed. While Waylon is a cross between Billy the Kid and the clinical definition of the word "insecurity," and Willie plays The Guru with A Will of Iron, Neil savages anyone who stands in their way and a goodly number of those who don't.

"Patrick!" Neil bellows. "Neil!" I respond. "If you don't say, '*Hello*, Neil,' I'll kill you," he says. "Hello, Neil," I say, and psychotic grins are exchanged amid much jocularity.

I move off. The package, playing at a relatively discreet volume on RCA's P.A. system, is sending wise-eyed, life's-a-bitch, oh-so-true Waylon/Willie (Waylie) lines over the heads of the corporate revellers, and that begs for a little history.

The basic point, already much published by myself and others, is that Waylon and Willie (and the songwriters and pickers they patronize and promote) have expanded both the style and the content of what is called country music. Willie, up from Texas, belonged to the Nashville songwriters underground in the late fifties and the sixties, where he fed brilliantly sad and/or defiant songs to the record machine, while Waylon served his time hitting the dirt all over the Southwest with his hard-beat, semi-black, country-soul band. Once Dylan and Kristofferson proved to the Nashville hierarchy that if you sang *hip* country you made twenty times the money you otherwise would, the break-out road was paved. While Neil harassed the record companies, Willie, sly like a fox, took off for Austin and guru'd Cosmic Cowboyism for a few years, letting the karma build to fever pitch. Waylon stayed in Nashville, collaborating with Tompall Glaser and Jack Clement and the songwriting core to elevate country record production from cheap pap to soul art.

During that period, they each created absolute masterpieces. Waylon's *Honky Tonk Heroes* and *Dreaming My Dreams* (RCA) and Willie's *Phases And Stages* (Atlantic) and *Red Headed Stranger* (CBS) are intensely moving. They explore the undercurrents of southern life and music—Christianity vs. high times, sex vs. love, hillbilly reticence vs. country soul, and massive pride built on debilitating insecurity—which have always been shamefully ignored in rock & roll, and which Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams and Elvis failed to articulate. Willie and Waylon and their songwriters and producers advanced the art by light years. With Neil's assistance, they also screwed the record companies to the wall, establishing the revolutionary notion that a country singer can be an artist, not just a paid entertainer.

But of course the world does not go away, and after this period of serious work on the part of the artists, there came upon the scene one Jerry Bradley, Mr. RCA in Nashville. In both Music City and the Great Southwest Outlawism was becoming infinitely more popular than Webb Pierce or football. The cocaine 'n turquoise style overshadowed the content and aesthetic values of the music. Noting this, Bradley masterminded the manufacture of *The Outlaws*. This, you may recall, was a "sampler" package which offered Tompall Glaser and Jessi Colter (Mrs. Jennings) as well as Waylie in combinations and performances ranging from good to practically abysmal. Unlike their previous releases, this record sold more copies than any other modern country album, was played to FM kids and New York hipsters, convinced Yankees and Californians that the South may be strange, but it sure ain't square no more, and created a veritable mushroom cloud of Texas whahooism across the nation. This brand of fun, incorporating such post-hippie items as violence, world-weariness,

Willie and Waylon: Don't let your babies grow up to be promo men

The South may be strange, but it sure ain't square no more

excessive drinking, loud behavior and the rabid consumption of drugs medically proven dangerous to health and life span, was just the ticket for the seventies. Mr. Bradley became very happy, and Waylon and Willie became considerably richer, though slightly offended by the ascendancy of image over content.

Following *The Outlaws*, Willie cruised, releasing a very uneven album called *The Sound In Your Mind* and a beautiful tribute to the recently deceased Lefty Frizzell (*To Lefty From Willie*), which sort of made the point that he didn't care too much about appearing hip to Outlaw fans or pleasing CBS Waylon, on the other hand, got into trouble. Fighting with Tompall and quite confused about how he was supposed to sound and act as a pop star, he recorded in Los Angeles, fired his long-faithful staff and refused to grant interviews to even the friendliest of journalists. He alienated the Nashville powers to such an extent that he got busted on a coke charge within the city limits.

Now comes The Outlaws II vinyl. It's a Bradley concept, too—classy imitation tooled leather cover, no less—and actually, it's a pretty good record. It contains three much-released Waylon tracks converted to duets by the simple expedient of having Willie over-dub vocal parts (really, now!), but it also features genuine duets, at least two real, intelligent hits (Kristofferson's "The Year 2003 Minus 25" and Waylie's "I Can Get Off On You") and some other entirely respectable tunes. "A Couple More Years," for example, is a *very* wise waltz, and "Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys" is a nice, dead-center, ironic anthem of the cow-hip life. It's nowhere near as deep as "Slow Moving Outlaw," written by Willie and sung by Waylon in days gone by—that one captures the end of the wide-open spaces with an almost unbearable pathos—but, what the hell. The album is rarely as good as its creators can be, but it's more than respectable. As Willie points out, the mere fact that RCA and CBS were persuaded to let it happen is something close to a miracle. And, as *I* point out, it beats most everything else on the record racks right now.

But back to the party. I see strange things. There's Neil Reshen wrenching Willie away from old friends to meet new businessmen; there's a man from the *New York Post* seriously offering me an assignment to drag Waylie around "the sleaziest fucking joints in Harlem, man, whaddaya say?"—and then there's Waylon.

Poor Waylon. He is trapped at the star table to which RCA and Neil have guided him like show-biz sheep dogs, his back to the windows and his face to the flashbulbs. Waylon came to town expecting a quiet, intimate affair (that's what RCA told him) and, being as paranoid as he is gentle—all that pop press stuff about macho cowboyism amounts to just so many wasted trees—he feels betrayed. There probably aren't enough downs in all New York to cure *his* problem right now; he is totally at sea. He is trying his best to handle the rush of sycophants and story-getters, but he's twisting and turning, fidgeting and fretting, longing for escape. Willie, sitting by his side, tries to draw the fire away from Waylon but only partially succeeds. It is a bad and very public situation.

Eventually this farce ends, and Willie and Waylon and Neil leave together. *I* go to the Lone Star Cafe, where Neil later shows up and tells me that Willie is coming down to join Tracy Nelson, his friend and sometime duet partner, for high times in the old town. But Neil is wrong. Willie is at the Plaza, alone in his room, incensed by what he calls "managerial mismanagement," exemplified by the crime just committed against his brother Waylon. Willie has fought—and won—against record companies and middlemen before, and now, again, he is making plans. ●

RECORDS

by Jim Miller

The current crop of jazz albums is distinguished by superb recordings from several relatively obscure musicians. Billy Hart, a young drummer formerly with Herbie Hancock and now with Stan Getz, has produced an unusually fine first album, **Enchance** (Horizon). Even the roster of players is imaginative: Oliver Lake and Dewey Redman on saxophone, Hannibal Peterson and Eddie Henderson on trumpet, Dave Holland and Buster Williams on bass, and Don Pullen on piano. Several of them also contribute new compositions; Holland offers a lithe "Shadow Dance," while Hart himself provides "Layla-Joy," a haunting ballad reminiscent of Sun Ra in a pleasant mood. As if to confirm the creative liberties extended to each participant, Hart's soloists play with passion and spirit. The result is a varied, lyrical and accessible set—the perfect introduction for listeners curious about the "new wave" in jazz.

Fans of modern piano should check out **Motility** (ECM) by Steve Kuhn and Ecstasy. Like Hart, Kuhn has been around awhile; he led his own trio in the early seventies, and played with Stan Getz and Art Farmer in the sixties. A pensive and deft soloist, Kuhn is also a capable writer: on *Motility*, his lines occasionally evoke Keith Jarrett, while the marvelous "Oceans in the Sky" sounds like a diaphonous reading of McCoy Tyner. The influences and echoes scarcely matter, though, for *Motility* is one of the most lilting sets of piano music issued in the past year, seductively recorded by EMC's Manfred Eicher in his characteristic wash of effervescent reverb.

More established figures fare unevenly in the current batch of releases. "The Quintet"—Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Freddie Hubbard, Ron Carter and Tony Williams—continue to play peerless mainstream jazz; on **V.S.O.P.** (Columbia), they perform with a fiery precision as far removed from the studied cool Miles Davis taught them as from the junk funk some of them now play on their own. Dexter Gordon is still mounting a one-man bop revival, but his new album, **Sophisticated Giant** (Columbia), is something of a disappointment: a big-band date, it frequently finds Gordon swamped in bloated arrangements. Another old master, McCoy Tyner, has added a chorus as well as a big band on his new album, **Inner Voices** (Milestone); unfortunately the voices sound thin and rather misplaced, although Tyner plays with his customary verve. **The Survivors' Suite** (ECM) by Keith Jarrett suffers from a different problem: a stiff and portentious Jarrett composition which frustrates the attempt made by Dewey Redman, Paul Motian, Charlie Haden and Jarrett to make it sing or swing.

Mention should also be made of **The Peacocks** (Columbia), a charming date featuring pianist Jimmie Rowles with Stan Getz. Rowles sings, solos, plays duets with Getz, and comps in the company of Getz, Buster Williams and drummer Elvin Jones. The varied settings make for a warm and friendly set from Rowles, an unduly neglected player who has always enjoyed the esteem of fellow musicians. ●

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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

Television/by Richard M. Levine

COTTON MATHER'S LAST STAND

Every so often something comes along that encapsulates the banality of so much network television like one of those tinfoil snow-scenes set in a paperweight. It seems to me that just such an incident occurred a few weeks ago when novelist Dan Wakefield quit the show he created, *James at 15*, after losing a battle with NBC censors over an episode that airs February 9, "The Gift." It's too bad, for Wakefield was the creative force behind an unusual series, one that provided the rare insight on a regular television program that adolescence is not all Happy Days. Beyond the waste of one man's time and talent, the story of the show's development—or "How *The Catcher in the Rye* Went Awry"—helps explain why the boob tube got its name.

Salinger's novel, in fact, plays a role in the story. During a lunch at "21" in the fall of 1976 David Sontag, the vice president for primetime television at Twentieth Century-Fox, asked NBC programming chief Paul Klein what kind of show he'd *really* like to develop. "A show about an intelligent kid growing up in an urban environment," Klein said. "Oh, you mean *Catcher in the Rye*," Sontag suggested, knowing full well that NBC could as easily sign up J.D. Salinger as appoint Roman Polanski head of children's programming.

So Sontag successfully pitched an original "comedy drama" about "the rites of passage of an American male in contemporary society" to Klein, who agreed that it should be "hard hitting" and "honest" and would require "special nurturing" from the network. (Lunch at "21" can do that to you.) Next Sontag approached Dan Wakefield, whose novel about the rites of passage, etc., *Going All the Way*, he much admired, to write the pilot as a two-hour TV movie. The rest of the production company was just as much a class act. Executive producer Martin Manulis had been the creator of *Playhouse 90*. Director Joe Hardy had Broadway credits to his name. Story editor Ron Rubin was a published novelist who longed to write fiction for little magazines. Nor was Sontag himself, who wore cowboy boots and drove a Cherokee Chief to work, your average studio Gucci two-shoes. Wakefield, who moved from Boston to Los Angeles to do the show, says of the early days of the team effort, "It was like a religion. I can't remember so many months in a row when I looked forward to getting up in the morning."

The rest of the story plays out one of the television industry's favorite behind-the-scenes plots—a kind of reverse *Rocky*, where a show that seems to have everything going for it doesn't begin to go the distance. The problems began at the top, with the show's original title, *James at 14*. The network wanted the hero prematurely aged by a year in case those rites of passage the producers had in mind went beyond moving James to the back row in glee club. Nor did it help matters, from NBC's point of view, that 17-year-old Lance Kerwin, the star of the show, looked closer to 12. For the fact is that nothing keeps those cards and letters coming to affiliate stations from irate parents like the suggestion that kids have sex on their minds, not to mention their heated waterbeds. It was the *Catch-22* of the whole concept—a "hard-hitting" show that constantly had to pull its punches.

The biggest battle prior to Wakefield's resignation took place over the pilot, in which James and his family prepare to move from Oregon to Boston, where his father, a college professor, has a new job. Anticipating a hot and heavy farewell scene with his girlfriend, James asks his best friend Richie for a condom—only he doesn't actually say anything as hard-hitting as "condom":

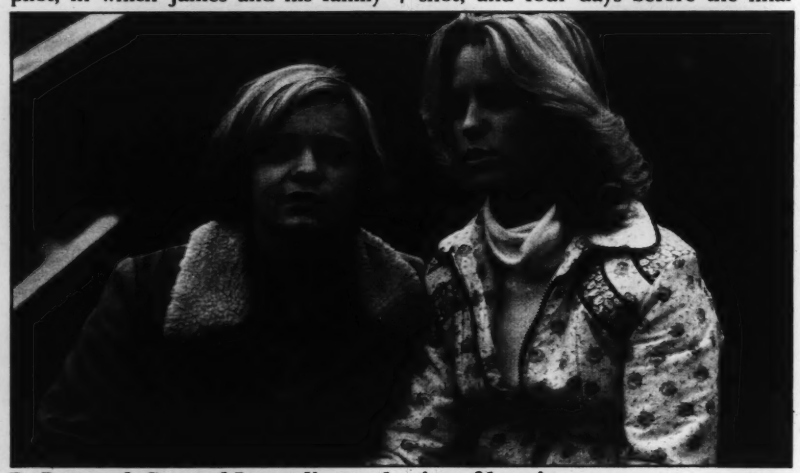
JAMES: Can I have that thing you carry around in your wallet all the time?

RICHIE: My membership card in the Hi-Y?

JAMES: No, no. The thing you carry around "just in case."

RICHIE: You mean old "be prepared."

In what came to be known as the infamous "Be prepared" scene, James finally trades his official Bobby Orr hockey stick and regulation NHL hockey puck for Richie's condom (a neat conjunction of boyish and adult concerns) and heads for the woods with his girlfriend—where it is made abundantly clear that they never go all the way. Even so, the NBC Broadcast Standards department just about went through the roof when they read the script, refusing to allow the slightest hint of birth control in the pilot. Wakefield and the rest of the production company protested vehemently that with 700,000 unwanted teenage pregnancies a year in this country the issue could not be skirted. Jerry Stanley, NBC's West Coast vice-president for broadcast standards, told Wakefield that "you big city fellows have no idea what the Midwest is like." (Wakefield was born and raised in Indiana, has taught at midwestern universities and researched the show in a friend's high-school classroom in Geneseo, Illinois, where they hand out birth control literature as readily as copies of *Silas Marner*. The dispute was kicked up to the top network brass for arbitration, alternative versions of the scene were shot, and four days before the final



Be Prepared: Gun and James discuss the rites of happiness

edit was due Wakefield and Co. learned that they had been overruled. The whole episode left Jerry Stanley feeling that Wakefield had "some kind of obsession with birth control," and the production company convinced that NBC was kowtowing to the Catholic Church.

But as one script followed another it became clear that Broadcast Standards was guided not so much by Catholic dogma as by a kind of unremitting Puritanism for postpubescents. In its portrayal of adolescence, at least, television had become Cotton Mather's last stand. It was OK for teenagers to sin so long as the sword of heavenly vengeance was terrible and swift. For example, in the pilot James could drink (beer) with his friends if he was shown with a massive hangover the next day. In another episode it was fine for a classmate of James to admit that she had slept (well, "did it") with a prior boyfriend so long as she was made to suffer the kind of social ostracism that makes Hester Prynne look like a homecoming queen.

Despite such heavy-handed supervision, the reworked two-hour pilot aired Labor Day to both critical praise and "good numbers" (it was, in fact, the highest rated show of the week). Aside from routinely changing any reference to sexual intercourse to "doing it," Broadcast Standards had few problems with the scripts in succeeding weeks. Wakefield admits, however, to a great deal of self-censorship, using euphemisms that made the points he was trying to make barely comprehensible at times. In an episode in which the Hunters learn that their older daughter has been "doing it" with her college professor, James and his mother have the following exchange:

MRS. HUNTER: I had a good time in college. But I wasn't happy. Not the way Kathy is happy.

JAMES: How about Dad? Was he happy in college . . . ?

After the pilot, the real problems with *James at 15* came from NBC's programming department, which had promised, remember, to give an admittedly sensitive show about a touchy subject "special nurturing." Special nurturing turned out to mean that the series did not begin until late October (long after the intense publicity for the new TV season had died down, and viewers had picked out their favorite shows), and even then it was preempted about every third week because of NBC's catch-up strategy of "stunting" (running specials) so frequently. In addition, *James at 15* was scheduled in a hopeless time slot, Thursday at 9:00 p.m., which meant that it was opposite two of the longest-running shows on the air, *Barney Miller* and *Hawaii Five-O*, and had as its lead-in on NBC one of the biggest turkeys of the year, *CHiPS*. At one story conference Ron Rubin said, "Here's what NBC means by 'special nurturing.' Say this is a fly . . . " He pointed to a spot on the tabletop and brought his hand down with a resounding thwack.

Naturally, the ratings plummeted from the opening segment—and NBC panicked. Instead of issue-oriented shows, one network directive suggested "more of the fun of being a teenager." Then, just after Thanksgiving, NBC ordered nine additional scripts and sacked executive producers Manulis and Hardy. Since a like-minded member of the same team, story editor Ron Rubin, was appointed to replace them, the move made little sense except as a purely ritual sacrifice to the god of the numbers. Even worse, for the first time Paul Klein ordered up several specific stories. In one of them—slotted for the crucial February "sweep" week when Nielsen surveys the ratings of affiliate stations—James was to lose his virginity on his sixteenth birthday at a local brothel, all expenses paid (hence, "The Gift") by a doting uncle.

The network wanted the hero prematurely aged by a year in case those rites of passage the producers had in mind went beyond moving James to the back row in the glee club

Wakefield did what he could to salvage an idea that these days borders on the quaint and was, besides, out of character for the series. That meant, first of all, playing the hooker scene (upgraded to a call-girl scene) for laughs instead of sex—in effect, looking a gift whore in the mouth. (The irony of the whole silly brouhaha is that if Wakefield had allowed James to sleep with a prostitute he would probably still be working on the show.) Instead, James would lose his virginity with a Swedish exchange student he fell in love with named Gun (even censors knew about Swedish girls). The crucial point for Wakefield in writing his script was to make James' first affair a tender experience in which the lovers acted "responsibly"—his code word for the dreaded specter of birth control:

JAMES: Well, I've been real chicken, 'cause I love you, but I keep putting off talking about it. . . People ought to be responsible.

GUN: I am responsible, James.

JAMES: You are? Hey that's great.

GUN: Well, I was chicken too. I didn't tell you I loved a boy last summer, and I got to be responsible. . .

Not only did Broadcast Standards refuse to allow any reference to Gun's past affair, but the entire issue of birth control was still taboo—and not, it was now made abundantly clear, because of pressure from the Catholic Church. "We can't allow kids to use contraceptives," 56-year-old Jerry Stanley explained to me, "because it mitigates the remorse we feel they must demonstrate afterwards. If they have sex at all it must be in a moment of spontaneous passion. Anyway, it's more real that way. I think adults tend to get too analytical about what occupies a teenager's mind. Most kids aren't running around thinking of getting laid. Their problems are getting into a club or getting their picture in the school newspaper. Maybe one in a hundred is thinking of getting laid. When I was a kid my main problem was getting a job."

A note in the NBC Broadcast Standards "acceptability report" on Wakefield's version of the script reads: "As discussed with [Twentieth Century-Fox TV president] Sy Salkowitz the revised ending of *James at 15* episode 'The Gift' will now reflect that our two lovers weren't prepared for the final act and Gun now fears that she could be pregnant. James will go through a guilt process which erodes their loving relationship, emphasizing the point that sex holds serious consequences even though they later learn Gun is not pregnant."

And that's essentially the way the script Wakefield refused to rewrite now plays. In a letter to Sy Salkowitz before his resignation, Wakefield wrote: "To put on national television a story about an intelligent, perceptive, responsible boy without dramatizing in any way his awareness of the consequences of sexual intercourse and his effort to be responsible about such consequences in a loving relationship is in my own belief a moral travesty."

Stay tuned for the further adventures of James Hunter, now retitled *James at 16*. According to the story lines ordered up by Paul Klein, two episodes from now (with time off—ah, youth—for a show about a Valentine's Day party) James will be fearful that his moment of misspent passion has given him a dose of clap. On television, at least, the Lord works in not-so-mysterious ways. ●

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

A CHRONICLE OF WAR IN A VISION OF PEACE

Going After Cacciato
by Tim O'Brien.
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence
(338 pp., $8.95).

Cacciato, the footsoldier of this novel's title, is seen seldom, and usually from afar. He prefers it this way, makes it harder to kill him. Here's the situation, it seems: while personages debate what shape of table to sit at in Paris while they talk about talking about peace, a young, dumb nebbish elects to make his separate peace with the war and walk from Vietnam to Paris. He takes with him on this fantastic odyssey some candy and an AWOL bag. A small squad of comrades pursues him all the way, or is kidnapped by him, or, if the most benign interpretation is accepted, is seduced by his decision. The story is about them.

This is a novel, written in the noble tradition of *A Fable* and *A Farewell to Arms* and *Catch-22*, about a few cleaving to plain sense while many indulge insanity. Cacciato's flight (at one moment seen by his pursuers as literally that, a defiance of gravitational laws by the sheer willed flapping of his arms) resembles Orr's AWOL raft crossing to Sweden in *Catch-22*, and it is the character, Paul Berlin, whose consciousness and conscience are invaded by *Going After Cacciato*, who resurrects the vision and manner of Heller's hero, Yossarian. (So strong is the pull of *Catch-22* on this fiction, as on all fiction about Vietnam, that there is here—by way of homage?—a dream of a raft supplied for an across-ocean escape.)

Paul Berlin, a resourceful Spec Four, has as his only goal "to live long enough to establish goals worth living for still longer." Again and again comes the litany: he wants to live, and so do his comrades. The army calls him dumb, tiny, a twirp. "Paul Berlin was not a twirp. So it constantly amazed him, and left him feeling much abused, to hear such nonsense—twirp, creepo, butter-brain. It wasn't right. He was a straight-forward, honest, decent sort of guy. He was not dumb. He was not small or weak or ugly. True, the war scared him silly, but this was something he hoped to bring under control."

There is a wonderful moment in Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five* when a war movie being shown on television has its reels reversed, and destruction is undone, cities rise from rubble and bombs fly upward and are sucked harmlessly back into bombers which fly home, backward. In a sense, *Going After Cacciato* is just such a reversal, or restitution, of Tim O'Brien's history. History, I guess, is a heavy locution to apply to someone only 32, but O'Brien has been places and seen and done things, as he told in his first book, *If I Die in a Combat Zone.* (*Northern Lights*, a novel, is his second.)

Published in 1973, when O'Brien was 27, *Combat Zone* is an autobiographical account of a young man at war in Vietnam: drafted, trained, blooded, terrified, secured behind the lines, bound for home, home. It is a carefully made series of short takes, the honestly limited view of a serious, intelligent young man with a driving wish to be both just and brave. Its persistent tension is between contrary impulses: to fight well or to flee.

As O'Brien tells it in *Combat Zone*, he planned to go over the hill to Canada, then to Sweden, and was already launched on this enterprise when he lost his nerve for it in Seattle. He arrived in Vietnam in the spring of 1969, about a year after My Lai, and he suffered in the same theater of war that broke Calley; and Pinkville, the My Lais, he knew well. Like Philip Caputo's account of the events leading to his own atrocity against the Vietnamese, *Combat Zone* serves a full table of horrors. One day some tracks (tanklike personnel carriers) came under attack while O'Brien and his friends walked behind them through a rice paddy. The tracks went into reverse, at full speed: "They ran over us. There was no way to move, as in a nightmare when your legs are filled with concrete and not attached by nerves to your brain." For things like this they zippoed hutches, and shot farmers' cows, and poured sand in village wells.

Another time O'Brien and his friends were blowing up tunnels and bomb shelters. "A piece of clay came down and hit a man, slicing off his nose, and he drowned to death in his blood. He had been eating ham and eggs out of a can." If the laconic last sentence, like the final sentence of Chapter 8 of the same book—"We searched Tri Binh 4, then burned most of it down"—echoes Hemingway, O'Brien would not deny it. He is a stu-

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TROSSMAN

dent of Hemingway, because he is a student of that man's preoccupation (which O'Brien regards as a healthy curiosity and concern rather than a pathological obsession) with courage and choice.

Hemingway has left stylistic marks, a very few of them and none of them helpful, on *Going After Cacciato* ("He felt brave. He felt good."), but his principal instruction here is the precept that a man is responsible for his acts, and that to be good is to do good, and to do good well, and carefully, and intelligently. O'Brien is a reflective young man in *Combat Zone*, reaching for Socrates when he elects not to run away, recalling, probably incorrectly, that he had lived too long (at 20!) in America to repudiate her, just as Socrates refused to repudiate (at 70) Athens when Athens wronged him.

But now, by fiction as with a movie magically reversed, he has lived it out again, and repaired it. O'Brien came home in 1970 a sergeant, with seven medals and a Purple Heart. Cacciato and Paul Berlin get the hell out. Well, not really, because *Going After Cacciato* is a fiction, and not really, because the flight to Paris, made without benefit of passports or money, is within that fiction a fantasy. But in addition to providing an imaginary process and realm for the most part scrupulously controlled and invented (a love story strains at this novel's own rules, and often breaks its spell), *Going After Cacciato*, read with *Combat Zone*, the two glossing each other, is as fine an inquiry into values as I have read by anyone home from Indochina.

Tim O'Brien and Paul Berlin differ in crucial respects from Frederic Henry of *A Farewell to Arms* and from Yossarian. Henry has been broken by war, and by the windy boss-words—*not in vain . . . justice . . . glory*—that fuel it. For him the Retreat from Caporetto provokes his own retreat from all the world unbounded by the arms of Catherine Barkley. Yossarian too runs from the world, and why not? The world is trying to kill him. Every one of *them* wants his hide.

But as far back as *Combat Zone* O'Brien perceived the case as more complex, for him. (*Catch-22* is so attractive because it makes the case so simple: *They* are crazy, and dangerous. *Catch-22* may well be right, probably is.) "You add things up. You lost a friend to the war, and you gained a friend. You compromised one principle and fulfilled another. You learned, as old men tell it in front of the courthouse, that war is not all bad; it may not make a man of you, but it teaches you that manhood is not something to scoff; some stories of valor are true; dead bodies are heavy, and it's better not to touch them; fear is paralysis, but it is better to be afraid than to move out to die, all limbs functioning and heart thumping and charging and having your chest torn open for all the work; you have to pick the times not to be afraid, but when you are afraid you must hide it to save respect and reputation."

So too in *Going After Cacciato*: "The issue, of course, was courage. How to behave." An Iranian officer encountered in transit to Paris tells Cacciato's pursuers/accomplices that after a battle every soldier has a different story to tell. Literally, perhaps, this is so. But the stories all reduce themselves finally to this: "How to behave." Michael Herr's *Dispatches* is so astounding because Herr was so many places, and seemingly at once, and almost always by choice. But his book, like Philip Caputo's, is also about this only, how to behave, how to walk a minefield and pick the right place to step, to move ahead without doing ill, and to know where you have been.

So O'Brien retraces the territory he walked in *Combat Zone*: In that book, he angrily challenged the Americans who had spoiled Vietnam and made it so perilous a place to live and find values, to come back at war's end and walk the countryside again, and find the mines they never detonated before they left. Events from *Combat Zone* are repeated in *Going After Cacciato*: a water buffalo is machine-gunned, an officer is obsessed with moustaches as visible signs of the ruination of his lost, beloved, professional army, a blond lieutenant has a crazy willingness to die and this is something different than courage. . . .

And why not come at this same material again, and yet again if O'Brien chooses? The first time he got it down, got the chronologies right, told how one thing led to another. How it was is now how it might have been, a new design, the missed opportunity redeemed. Walk to Paris, quit the kill? "It could be done. That was the crazy thing about it—for all the difficulties, for all the hard times and stupidity and errors, for all that, it could truly be done."

Well, not really: it was not, after all, done. But here fiction, the imagination of peace and recovery, redeems its possibilities. Fiction at its best always does this, transports human beings to places otherwise inaccessible. This has been O'Brien's ambition for his fiction, and because he writes so well, he has almost brought it off, almost made of the peaceable kingdom a substantial place, a perfect Paris of First Principles just beyond this rice paddy and over that ridge. As O'Brien says near the end of *Cacciato*: "Imagine it." ●

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Movies/by Richard Corliss

ROLLING THUNDER RE-VIEWED

The man in the clear plastic mask—this is the first image of **Renaldo & Clara**—looks like Richard Nixon. So he's finally followed in the path of other aging stars: he's gone on tour with his own rock band. But wait: it's Bob Dylan, singing "When I Paint My Masterpiece," and filtering the calculated mystery of his ego through the usual sheets of surreal irony. But wait: the credits list Bob Dylan in the role of "Renaldo," and Ronnie Hawkins as "Bob Dylan." But wait: here's a woman interviewing "Bob Dylan," only it's Bob Neuwirth. Hey, wait a minute!

There are two, three, many Bob Dylans in *Renaldo & Clara*, this meditation on identity—or, to put it another way, this four-hour melange of Rolling Thunder Revue concert footage and fake *cinema verite*. But the most important Dylan isn't exactly in the film at all (although you could also say he's the subject of it): the Bob Dylan of the early and mid-sixties, the one who rescued folk music from the shopping-mall blandities of the Kingston Trio and gave it a city grittiness; who set the political and aesthetic concerns of the Beat Generation to traditional melodies, and made it all sound new and urgent; whose songs became anti-anthems for his own smart, angry generation, aware that the times they were a-changin' and you didn't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows; who made rock & roll respectable, but still exciting, when he went electric in 1965; and who ensured his mythic status when, the following year, he was almost killed in a motorcycle accident.

It was another Bob Dylan who eventually emerged from recuperative seclusion. The enigmatic embodiment of surly hip ("Something is happening but you don't know what it is,/Do you, Mr. Jones") was replaced by a pleasant young man with a gentle smile and Amish garb on the cover of *Nashville Skyline*. The voice that *Time* had once described as sounding like "a dog with its leg caught in barbed wire" now crooned like an adenoidal pennywhistle. The truculent lover-loner ("You just sorta wasted my precious time") was now a celebrant of mom and honey pie. This new, blissed-out Dylan arrived just in time to be canonized—by the straight media, now straining to be hip—for the works of his older, mean-and-hungry self. The anointing was really a last rite for the sixties, a generation Dylan personified better than anyone else. But these were the seventies; we were in danger of becoming the people Dylan warned us about. The times changed a-back; the Weathermen blew an idiot wind. The decade painted its masterpiece and its name was Richard Nixon. Elvis died. Dylan turned 36.

In *Renaldo & Clara*, Dylan is mean again. He spits out the words to "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" and "Just Like a Woman" with vitriolic clarity. The dog has shaken free of the barbed wire—the Woody Guthrie nasalness is just one shade of his voice now—but it's still mangy and growling and free. Dylan onstage has the holy, reckless authority of a poet who's also a rock star. But, by now, more a rock star than a poet. A great singer makes every performance of a song sound like the first. Whether this is a gift or a trick, Dylan has mastered it. What's inevitably missing is the life-or-death feeling, the spirit that Dylan expressed 15 years ago, on the subject of "Hard Rain": "Every line in it is actually the start of a whole song. But when I wrote it"—during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis—"I thought I wouldn't have enough time alive to write all those songs so I put all I could into this one." Now a large part of what we feel for Dylan is what we felt about ourselves when he and we were young, when things mattered, when we could talk back to the middle-aged, warmongering Establishment with a poet-punk's fighting words. Now, with Dylan recycling his early ferocity, we become even more nostalgic. Come to the Rolling Thunder Revue. Hear Bob Dylan Sing His Greatest Hits. Genuine sixties Zeitgeist on sale in the lobby.

Perhaps it's unfair to trap Dylan, or anyone else, inside our image of his past. But it's hard not to—for, in *Renaldo & Clara*, Dylan orchestrates his own entrapment. The proliferation of

Bringing it all back home-movie

identities is appropriate for an artist who, on the cover of *Bringing It All Back Home*, just may appear twice: one time as "Bob Dylan," the other as a glamorous lady in a red dress. But the persona of the character Dylan plays in his movie is pretty much the Bob Dylan of his sixties songs and interviews: arrogant and Delphic, hip-flakey, seductively mysterioso. He may not speak more than a hundred words in the four hours; still, in barrooms and motel rooms as well as onstage, all eyes are on him. Maybe he'll say something, show us something, reveal a sliver of himself. Dylan doesn't have to say anything. His eyes, in those rare moments when he's not examining a shoelace or an E-string, are eloquent enough. They argue and judge; they look right through you. They're calm and frightening, the eyes of a prophet or a hired gun. The eyes of those around him are telling, too: there's worship in them, and a begging for some glimmer of attention. For the Dylan of *Renaldo & Clara*—and maybe for the real Bob Dylan, if there is one—all the world's a rock-concert stage, and all the men and women merely groupies.

Everybody's looking—backward. The Rolling Thunder Revue itself was an attempt to adapt the free-style blend of music and poetry and personalities from Greenwich Village in the early sixties (when Dylan first hit the coffee-house scene) to the discipline of a rock tour. So Ramblin' Jack Elliott sang "Salt Pork West Virginia," and Allen Ginsberg read from his *Kaddish*, and Dylan was reunited with Joan Baez. *Renaldo & Clara* makes this explicit by interspersing a narrative of those glorious days by survivor David Blue. ("I wanted to be a beatnik: I read about it in *Life* magazine. I saw a picture of some guy with bangs saying 'Life is a turkey—or 'Life is a cookie'—

and I said, 'That makes a lot of sense. I think I'll get a black turtleneck and move to New York City.'") It's a period movie set in the present.

And what could be more "period"—more sixties Village—than the absurdist, minimalist films of Andy Warhol? Along with the new breed of *verite* documentarians, Warhol believed that the movie camera was an X-ray that revealed the truth of a personality—as long as the filmmaker (and the audience) was patient. What it revealed, of course, was that some people are natural performers, in real life or on the movie screen. You may have come in looking for real people; instead you found superstars—a phrase coined by Warhol's company. "Warhol did a lot for American cinema. He was before his time," Dylan states in a 10,000-word *Rolling Stone* interview (during which he never gets around to mentioning Howard Alk, the respected documentary filmmaker who photographed much of *Renaldo & Clara* and, with Dylan, edited 100 hours of footage). Warhol's time has come, and Dylan is the timekeeper. Dylan is a "director" as Warhol was: he gave the movie a nudge in a certain direction. He didn't create *Renaldo & Clara*, he allowed it to happen.

Somewhere inside this overstuffed memoir, there's a good, lean two-hour movie. You can see it when the right people—the natural performers—are onscreen; the movie is its own kind of funky happening. Ronnie Hawkins, an Arkansas Santa Claus gone to seed, spiels a lovely line of bulldung to a girl he wants to take on his rock & roll tour: "You live fast, you love hard, and you die young. And leave a beautiful mem-o-ree." Jack Elliott commands the screen as an older, more perfect Dylan: Jewish cowboy, friend of Woody, a wise, happy, lived-in face. Best of all is Allen Ginsberg, whose serene, almost sanctified dignity carries him through the unlikeliest encounters: with Roger McGuinn, who punctuates Ginsberg's "Om" chant with his own "bop shoo wop, doo wah diddy"; with a nightclub full of middle-aged ladies, applauding tepidly as Ginsberg comes onstage to the house band's rendition of "Everything's Coming Up Roses"; as a member of the chorus on "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," which he sings clean-shaven and in a suit and tie; and, most movingly, with Dylan at Jack Kerouac's grave, where he mentions that he "laid a copy of *Howl* on Baudelaire's grave." Ginsberg is a real, beautiful person—and a star.

But too often the movie pans or zooms for nuggets—revelations—where there are none to be found, or only at extraordinary length. Dylan sees a chain of microcosmic moods and moments that leads to the point of a scene, and refuses to break the chain through editing, even if no one else sees it. And sometimes an improvisation refuses to come off. Ronee Blakley, a gifted actress and singer-composer (evident from her role as the sainted victim in *Nashville*), is stranded in a long bickering scene with her lover. (In the *Rolling Stone* interview, Dylan identifies the lover as "a ghost"; but you shouldn't have to read the book before you can understand the movie.) In the next scene, Blakley is pouring her heart into her powerful song, "Need a New Sun Rising." The number is exquisitely shot—closeups of her face with sparks of light streaming out of the singer's troubled mind—and performed. Blakley could do little with the little she was given in her improvisation; at the piano, she expresses all the frustration and passion the earlier scene should have had.

Dylan the songwriter doesn't improvise; in 15 years he's changed not a word of "Hard Rain." But the performance of that song conducts more energy than any of the film's central sequences involving Dylan (Renaldo), his ex-wife Sara (Clara) and Baez (The Woman in White). There should be real resonance here. Sara is, after all, the famous "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands"—she of the mercury mouth, the eyes like smoke, the voice like chimes, the saintlike face and the ghostlike soul—she's Dylan's "radiant jewel, mystical wife." And the marriage broke up even as he was editing *Renaldo & Clara*. In the film's climactic confrontation, when the two women fight for possession of Renaldo, there should be at least a frisson of voyeur's fascination with this real-life-vs.-reel-life situation. But the woman are so amateurish, and Dylan is so damned opaque, that the scene holds less interest than a conversation of three accountants overheard at a lunch counter. It's a blessing—and a relief!—when the movie returns to the concert for "Just Like a Woman," a song that tells the movie's four-hour story, much more artfully, in four minutes.

Dylan considers himself a filmmaker now; he plans to make a dozen movies. The next one will be his first. If he has a camera-eye that's half as knowing as his mind's eye—and if he controls every aspect of his film instead of just letting it all happen—he could mean as much to the cinema of the eighties as he did to the music of the sixties. And if he continues to distribute his own films (as he is with *Renaldo & Clara*), he may really help to revolutionize the industry. Then Dylan can add two more sides to his kaleidoscopic personality: Eisenstein disguised as Robin Hood. ●

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Exit the Road Map/by Jim Wright

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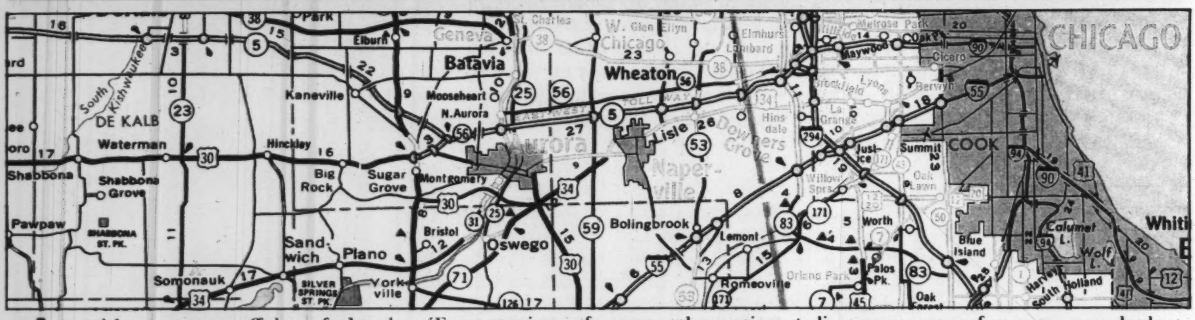

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As with so many affairs of the heart, the age of happy motoring has run out of gas. Catalytic converters have supplanted four-barrel carbs, the Impala has given way to the Rabbit, and miles per hour have taken a backseat to miles per gallon.

Now comes the coup de grace, plain as the writing on a New Jersey service station wall: ROAD MAPS 75¢.

The free map, once as ubiquitous at filling stations as restroom flies, is slowly folding. Sure, you might find one if you've got the time and gas to hopscotch from station to station, but the truth is that the complimentary road map is going the way of gratis ice scrapers, tiger-in-your-tank tumblers, and all those other giveaways that oil companies dispensed in days of yore when service stations actually had price wars and gas flowed like keg beer at a firemen's picnic.

Though the free map is not yet extinct, spokesmen for Rand McNally and H.M. Gousha, the nation's leading road-map makers, estimate that production has dropped by 30–50 percent in the past five years.

A survey of oil companies bears out the figures. A decade ago, Arco gave away 8 million maps. This year it's handing out 3 million. Shell has trimmed its program by 80 percent in the past five years, and Gulf, which distributed 19 million in 1971, now doles out only 6 million.

What's more, many of the maps now available go for a dime up to a dollar. Oil companies such as Cities Service, Chevron and Texaco charge their dealers for maps, and many dealers pass along the costs—with a profit margin—to consumers. Marketing men for companies that still give free maps to dealers concede that the programs have been reduced, leading dealers to squirrel them away for steady customers or even sell them.

To motorists, of course, the notion of paying for a road map is seldom a great one. They may grumble when their windshields go unsqueegeed or their oil unchecked. They may gripe when the price of no-lead hits 65.9 cents a gallon. But tell them that maps are no longer stocked or—worse yet—that they sell for 50 cents in a vending machine, and they react as though they'd just learned that their Olds has a Chevy engine.

Complimentary maps have graced glove compartments since the days when the assembly line was but a glint in Henry Ford's eye. One of the earliest on record, detailing the King's Highway in southern California, was copyrighted in 1906 by the El Pizmo Company, which ran an inn, speedway and garage in the town of the same name.

Not until 1913 did an oil firm get in on the act. Gulf Refining Company had come up with a novel idea—a *drive-in* service station, to be located at Euclid and Baum boulevards in Pittsburgh. When William B. Akin, head of a local ad agency, heard of the scheme, he drew up a map of Allegheny County and presented it to the president of Gulf. "Why not print up a quantity of these," he suggested, "use them to advertise your products, and give them to motorists?" Gulf decided to try the gimmick. By 1920, it was giving away 16 million eastern state maps a year.

As the automobile's popularity and the nation's web of highways spread, the road map evolved from the raw black-and-white charts of its Model-T era to the latter-day, four-color versions. Come the sixties, the map had become such an integral part of cardom that Shell advertising manager C.F. Martineau decreed, "Free road maps are an institution peculiar to Americans, and a direct expression of our nomadic tendencies." In 1972, production reached a record 250 million maps—one for every wanderlusting man, woman, child and dog in the U.S.

The years since have grown increasingly lean. When the gas crunch hit, oil corporations became extremely cost-minded. Maps were prime for pruning, since each cost up to 20 cents to produce and frequently ended up covering schoolbooks, Christmas gifts and roadside picnic tables. To defray costs, Amoco now sells advertising space on its maps. Others have cut corners by junking city maps and consolidating state maps into regionals that are fine for traveling by turnpike from Miami to Boston, but quite useless for finding small towns or secondary highways—exactly when you need a map most. Small wonder that CB radios are so popular: they have become the road maps of the seventies.

Oil companies claim the cutbacks in road maps are patriotic, since maps promote car travel and thus undercut fuel conservation. They add that the demand for maps has decreased with the diminished supply of petroleum and the rise of the easily followed interstate highway system.

Tough as it is to admit, the oil companies are probably right. Maps have changed only as much as the complexion of the roads they chart. The two-lane blacktop that once crisscrossed maps as so many red and blue capillaries has been superseded by six-lane arteries that don't connect major cities so much as bypass them.

For the late Jack Kerouac, the open road meant "one long red line called Route 6 that led from Cape Cod clear to Ely, Nevada, and then dipped down to Los Angeles." Today the open road is symbolized by Interstate 80, which you will soon be able to take straight on through from the George Washington Bridge to the Golden Gate without encountering even a traffic light. Life in the fast lane. ●

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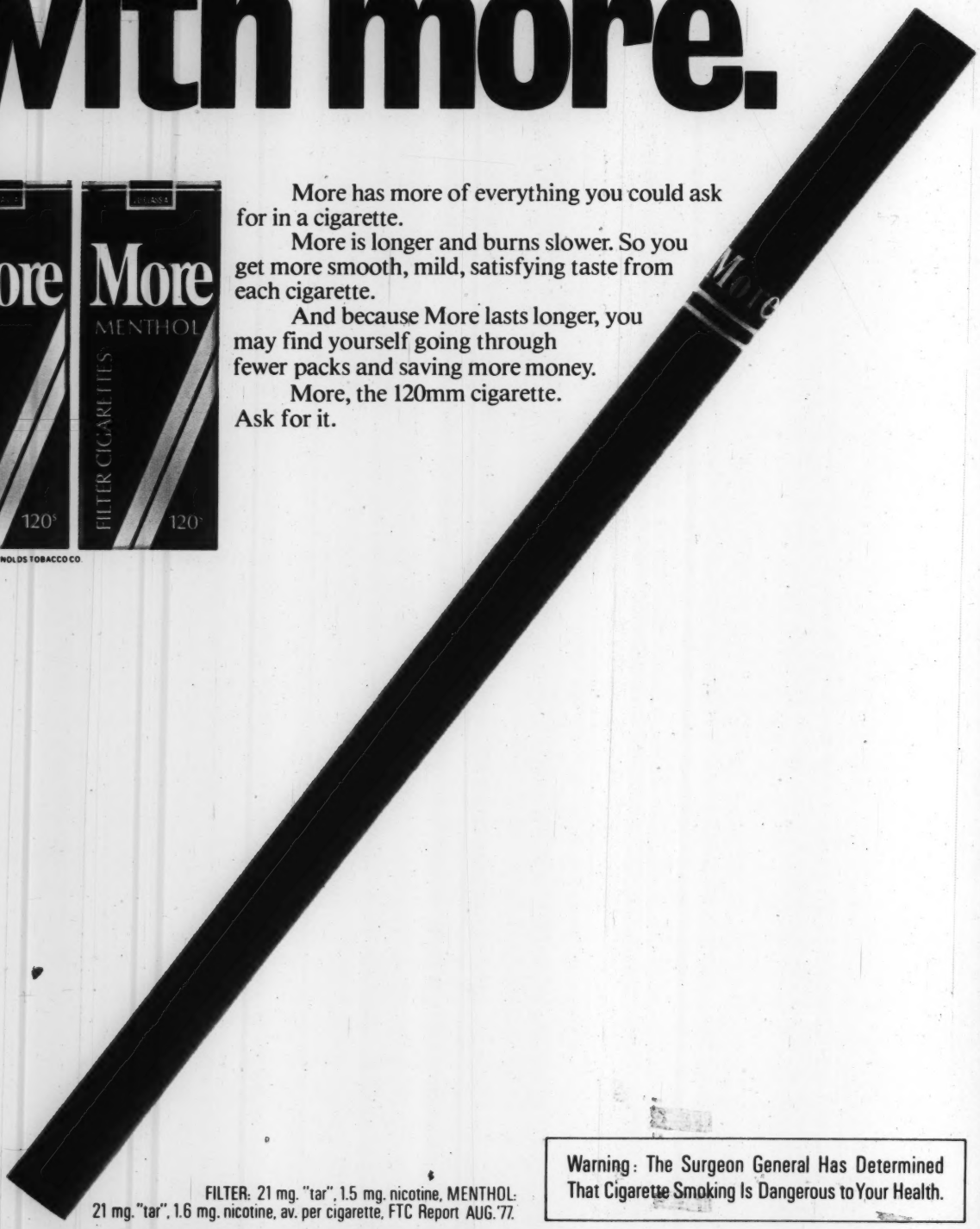

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